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*As crafty Lawyers, to acquire Applause,
Try various Arts to get a doubtful Cause;
So does our Author, rummaging his Brain,
By various Methods try to entertain.*

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MDCCXXXVIII.





TO THE
LADIES OF YORK.

LADIES,

AS every Poet is indebted to the Muses,
and the heavenly inspir'd Sisters, for their
Productions, I think the FAIR SEX may justly
claim a Title to the Poetical Essays of the Sons
of APOLLO; which Debt of Gratitude I am
ready to discharge, by laying, LADIES, the
following Sheets at Your Feet:

To YOU, YE FAIR, whose tender Bosoms glow,
With Gen'rous Thoughts, in easing others Woe:
To YOU, YE FAIR, to whom all Praise belongs,
Guide of my Verse, and Beauty of my Songs;
To YOU, YE FAIR, the Muse his Homage pays,
'Tis YOU direct, 'tis YOU inspire his Lays;
To YOU, once more, the Muse must beg Excuse,
For offering Tributes from his infant Muse;
To YOU HE BEGS, where all the Graces meet,
That he may lay his Laurels AT YOUR FEET.

I must acknowledge, LADIES, 'tis wholly
owing to Your Generous Favours the follow-

ing Work ever made its Appearance in the World; these Parts having been so much harass'd with Proposals for Subscriptions; and, on the other Hand, the Author under such Circumstances, that, allowing he *ever had* wrote any *one* Piece worthy Notice, his unhappy Situation of Affairs obliged him to conceal It, and Himself too.

If it would not be look'd on as a Forwardness in founding my own Praise, I might, with a great deal of Truth, affirm, I have more than once been honour'd with Applause from very polite and crowded Audiences; but, however that may be taken, if I should be so happy to please in this small Volume, I shall meet with the most agreeable Reward; from which I will no longer detain You, than to subscribe myself,

LADIES,

Your most Obedient,

And most Humble Servant.

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N. B. *The Subscribers Names from London,*
Newcastle, &c. are not yet come to Hand.

* * Pag. 68, Lin. 3, for *can*, please to
 read *can't*.

T H E



THE
CURIOSITY:
OR, THE
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*A DISSERTATION on POETRY, MUSIC,
DANCING, BALLS, ASSEMBLIES, RIDOT-
TOS, MASQUERADES, POLITE CONVER-
SATION, ITALIAN STROLERS, &c.*

ALL Ages have in some extraordinary Man-
ner shewn their Value and Esteem for
POETRY; and all Men of true Wit and Learn-
ing have agreed in its being the noblest and most
useful of the polite Arts: And even Barbarity
itself has ever had its Poetry.

The Ancients paid such Respect to their Poets,
that in *Greece* they were held almost sacred in
their Persons, Professions, and Works; especially
the Dramatic Writers, who were always esteem'd
superior to the Professors of all other Kinds of
Literature, Arts, and Sciences: And *Plato* him-
self wrote several Tragedies, which were protected
by *Dion*, who at his own Expence furnish'd the

B

Chorus:

Chorus: Nor could *Alexander* sleep without *Homer* under his Pillow; and the *Scipios* were so prodigiously fond of *Ennius* and *Terence*, they could scarcely live without them.

Cæsar favour'd, and was himself not the least of Poets. *Augustus* and *Mæcenæ*s pretended to write, as well as patronize; and flew with Raptures from the Grandeur and Cares of Empire, to the beloved Bosoms of *Virgil* and *Horace*. And *Nero* picqu'd himself more upon the Name of the best Poet, than the Fame of being follow'd as the first Man of the Universe, in all the other Gifts of Fortune; in Empire he could rather brook a Rival than in *Parnassus*; so sacrific'd *Lucan* to his Jealousy, for writing better Verses.

The greatest Princes, and the wisest Men, thus interesting themselves so arduously in the Cause of Poetry, gave it that Spirit and Vigor we admire in the Ancients; and undoubtedly those prudent Nations never perceiv'd their Empire lessen'd, their Senses impair'd, or their Manners corrupted, by the hearty Encouragement given to that Mistress of all Arts. But, alas! on the other Hand, both *Grecians* and *Romans*, with its Fall, saw every Thing that could be dear to a brave and wise People, trampled under Foot; nor could they ever have been conquer'd, had not their Poetry first languish'd, and so stifled that Life it us'd to inspire.

I must own, our modern Poets are not to be compar'd with the Ancients, the Dramatic Writers especially; but must beg Leave to add, that the Generality of Players are ten times worse; and the Majority of Audiences know not whether a Play is good or bad; which brings me to consider to what Causes this Decay in Dramatic Poetry,
this

this Looseness in Stage-Action, and this Depravity of Taste in the present Age is owing.

In the first Place, our modern Writers oftentimes make Choice of very bad Subjects for the Stage; Secondly, they manage much worse in Relation to the Effects of a Stage-Play, by writing Tragedies to make us laugh, and Comedies to make us cry; Thirdly, they are either ignorant of, or totally neglect the true Sublime; Fourthly, they trust more to tiresome Narration, than Force of Action, the most material Incidents of the Drama; which is in direct Opposition to a positive Maxim of *Horace*, that consummate Critic, and exquisite Poet; who says — *Some Things are acted, others only told; but what we hear, moves less than what we see: Spectators only have their Eyes to trust; but Auditors must trust their Ears and you.* And 'tis by this Conduct they deprive the Stage of one of its greatest Beauties; and, indeed, what we look upon as the most material Difference betwixt the *Epic* and *Dramatic* Poetry. Our Actors too must prove better Orators than we can boast of at present; if they pretend to move an Audience as much, by telling them, such and such an Affair happen'd — so and so — at that and t'other Time — as the Action itself will affect their Understandings, when faithfully represented before their Eyes.

The Ancients (who have excell'd both in Tragedy and Comedy) thought no Part of their Religion either too sacred, or solemn for the Stage: They introduc'd their greatest Mysteries with Applause; nay, made their Stage-Plays the chief Part of Worship. Then the Stage shone out in its full Splendor, and every Man thought it his

Duty to promote the Interest of those Poets, or Players, who made it the Study of their Lives to convey so gently and insensibly into their Souls, a Love of Virtue, by the politest and most pleasing Amusements.

A late famous Author (who was an excellent Judge of Dramatic Poetry) says, *I believe it often happens, among our modern Writers, that an old, or a young Poet, takes Pen, Ink, and Paper——sits down to his Scrutoir——or perhaps a Table——he finds it necessary to write a Play——he turns over God knows how many Volumes for a Story——or he makes one, and then——he writes a Play: The Dispute now is, must it be a Comedy, or Tragedy?——The Arguments of both Sides are weighty——It cannot be decided, the Reasons are so equal——At last he wisely counts his Buttons——or trusts to Cross and Pile——As Fortune would have it, Tragedy wins the Day: Of Consequence, we must be Spectators and Readers of that Performance in a Deluge of Tears——Another writes a Comedy by the same Rules, and wonders, that an Excess of Mirth does not crack our Voices, and split our Sides: When, alas! the World laughs at the Absurdity of the first, and is griev'd at the Stupidity of the other.*

These Gentlemen, sure, from their Infancy, have been only accusom'd to Cross-purposes, and would give Pleasure to the World by Contraries! They never make the Passions their Study, and are utter Strangers to what is true Humour: Their Poetry has the same Effect upon an Audience, as the Quack's Medicines had on his Patients; he vomited one by a Purge, and purg'd another by a Vomit. So, with these Poets, 'tis Laughing and Crying still, let Tragedy or Comedy be the Cause.

There

There is another Fault to be spoke to as preposterous as the former ; in the most grave Affairs of State, you'll have a Dialogue betwixt a Privy-Councillor and a Jack-Pudding ; in the Recital of the most passionate Distress of Lovers, a pert Chamber-Maid will tell her Mistress a smutty Story ; in the same Scene you'll have a Husband killing his beloved Wife ; and a rampant Widow caterwauling for a Husband ; or the Fates of Empires and Republics toss'd up with the Humours of *Purgatory* and *Bedlam*. Thus in Matters of the greatest Moment to Mankind, in Virtue, Policy, or Love, the Whole will be so larded with the lowest, most nauseous Farce, that a sensible Spectator is readier to puke, than pity the unfortunate Hero, or suffering Fair !

It should be a Poet's chief Care to keep up to Nature as close as possible, because the more naturally Things are represented on the Stage, the more shocking, or agreeable they prove, according to the Heinousness, or Innocence of the Fact. How can we shew a just Abhorrence of that Crime we sleep over when 'tis told ? Let the Representation be faithful, and every Passion is rous'd ; the Sight blows up the Coals of Indignation, and revivits a Detestation in our Souls.

Thus much have I presum'd to say to Dramatic Poetry, but submit my Thoughts on this Head, and all others, to Persons of more Judgment and Learning.

Of all the fine Arts (Poetry excepted) none has exceeded Music, or shewn a great Genius in a more distinguish'd Way ; and as Poetry has the Advantage of delivering to its Readers, or Hearers, the finest Precepts of Morality, in the most insinuating Manner ;

Manner; so, by pleasing, it instructs; which is, no Doubt, the Reason our Operas have met with so much Success, because you may there enjoy a finish'd, regular Fable, accompanied with the most exquisite Harmony.

As to the Antiquity of these Half-Sisters, I shall not here presume to make any Parallel; but by all Accounts, sacred and prophane, both are very ancient; tho' most Writers give Music the Preference: However, this we are certain of, that in all Ages of the World nothing has shewn a greater Power over the Passions in general, than Music.

— Music's the Cordial of a troubl'd Breast —

It commands the Soul, and moulds the Heart at Will; it forces Mankind to be gay or grave; amorous or religious; effeminate or brave; according to its Beauty, Justness, or Variety: The Master's Skill inspiring us with Sentiments artfully thrown into our Minds, and all over our Bodies, by thrilling Notes, and captivating Sounds.

Now, since a compleat Opera is a regular Musical Drama, it will not be amiss to enquire into the Origin of those harmonious Compositions; tho' I fear it will prove a difficult Task; for *Dryden* (who has given us three *English* Operas in a different Taste) owns, he could not, by the nicest Scrutiny, get any just Light, either as to the Time, or the first Inventors of them. He imagines, that the *Italians*, observing the Gallantries of the *Spanish Moors*, at their Zambras, or Royal Feasts (where Music, Songs, and Dancing were in Perfection) might have refin'd upon those Moresque Amusements, and produce this pleasing Kind of Drama,

Drama, by leaving out the warlike Part, and forming a poetical Design, to introduce more naturally the Machines, Music, and Dances. But, says he, however Operas began, Music has for some Centuries flourish'd principally in *Italy*. This great Poet afterwards recants, and says (in a Postscript to the Preface of *Albion* and *Albanus*) that possibly the *Italians* went not so far as *Spain* for the Invention of their Operas; they might have taken the Hint at Home, and formed this Drama, by gathering up the Shipwrecks of the *Grecian* and *Roman* Theatres, which were adorn'd with Music, Scenes, Dances, and Machines, especially the *Grecian*; adding, that tho' they are a modern Invention, they are built on the Foundation of *Ethnic* Worship.

While I am tracing the Original of Operas, it will not be amiss to take some Notice of the Music of the Ancients. The prodigious Force of Sounds we often meet with in all their Poets, exaggerated to the most miraculous Degree, and stretched beyond the Bounds of Probability: But we are sensible, that with them every Thing was envelop'd in mysterious Allegories. Thus moral Instructions were convey'd to the People in the Fables of *Amphion's* Lute's building the Walls of *Thebes*; *Orpheus's* Lute's taming the most savage Beasts; and *Arion's* Harp's charming the Monsters of the Deep into a Tenderness unknown to Mankind. Yet, setting all Fiction aside, this we may take for granted, that the trembling Strings, touch'd by *David's* artful Hand, calm'd into Gentleness the raging Tyranny of froward *Saul*; and the Conqueror of the World was subdu'd by *Timotheus's* Notes, the skilful Master raising and lowering his
Spirits,

Spirits, or whirling him from Passion to Passion, just as he pleased to exert his Power.

Voices were likewise in great Request with the Ancients, and were frequently used at the most public Festivals, Marriages, Funerals, &c. and even in War. We also find the Names of many Instruments on Record; as Organs, Drums, Trumpets, Tymbrels, Cymbals, Lutes, Harps, Lyres, Dulcimers, and all Sorts of Pipes, but particularly the Flute, which was the Instrument principally made use of at all solemn Games, or indeed at all Seasons, where either Grief or Joy required the Relief or Assistance of Music. Of Flutes there were many different Kinds, which were varied as the Occasion demanded, *viz.* the *Pbrygian*, the *Lydian*, the *Carian*, or the *Myfian*.

I am now come to mention the Rise and Progress of Operas in *England*; the first of which, as I'm inform'd, was perform'd in the Time of the Great Rebellion; when Hypocrisy was call'd Religion; Anarchy, Government; and Enthusiasm, Wit. Sir *William D'avenant's* poetical Genius being debarr'd from entertaining the Town with the usual Theatrical Representations, he, under the Notion of an innocent musical Performance, introduc'd the *Siege of Rhodes*, in two Parts; the Model of which was rather taken from the *French*, than *Italian* Operas.

After the Restoration, we had at different times several Entertainments, which were then stiled Dramatic Operas; and were, indeed, regular Stage-Plays, larded with Pieces of occasional Music, Vocal and Instrumental, proper to the Fable.

The only Merit those Dramatic Entertainments could boast of, was their claiming a kind of Resemblance to the old *Græcian* Tragedy and Chorus; and could they have supply'd the necessary Expences essential to the Grandeur of such a Design, I must own their Performance wou'd have proved no bad Imitation even of the *Græcian* Stage in its greatest Lustre.

In this State remain'd our Theatrical Music for several Years; 'till Mr. *Clayton* arriv'd from *Italy*, and introduc'd Operas after the Manner of that Country, the Words *English*, and the Airs *Italian*. These succeeded tolerably well, till an *Italian* Singer or two crept in by Degrees, to charm us with something new and unintelligible; and soon after, entire *Italian* Operas were brought on the Stage, both as to Language, Music, and Performers, which gradually has work'd them up to that high Pitch they now shine triumphant in; and had we not thus unhappily lost the favourite *Farnelli*, we should have excell'd any Thing *Italy* ever knew (as to one particular Stage) both in Composition and Performance.

I hope none of my Readers will be surpriz'd, if I declare, that I am so far charm'd with our present Operas, tho' perform'd in *Italian*, that I look upon them as compleat Entertainments in their Way; that is, to the last Degree perfect, as to the Article of Music, which is the only Point they aim at: Tho' I am not unsensible that their being perform'd in a foreign Tongue disgusts many of my Countrymen; who never consider, that the *Italian* Language is the most proper to be join'd to Sounds, as *Dryden* very justly observes; "All,

" says he, who are conversant in that noble Lan-

“ guage, the *Italian*, cannot but observe, that it
 “ is the softest, sweetest, and most harmonious,
 “ not only of any modern Tongue, but even be-
 “ yond any of the Learned. It seems to have
 “ been invented not only for Poetry, but Music;
 “ the Vowels so abounding in all Words, especi-
 “ ally in the Terminations, that, excepting a few
 “ Monosyllables, the whole Language ends in
 “ them. Then their Pronunciation is so sono-
 “ rous, that their very Speaking has more Music
 “ in it, than *Dutch* Poetry and Song: And, if we
 “ must call it barbarous, it is the most beautiful
 “ and most learned of any Barbarism in the mo-
 “ dern Tongues.”

I know the severe, deep-read Critics will like-
 wise object to the Simplicity of the Subjects, and
 the Lowness of most of the Characters; our pre-
 sent Operas being generally form'd upon Plans of
 the greatest Events, and most celebrated Parts of
 History. To this I answer, that we are not
 oblig'd to be always ty'd down to Affairs of that
 vast Moment, some Stories of an inferior Rank
 allowing as proper Entertainments, as just Mora-
 lity, and as tender Sentiments, as where we dwell
 entirely upon the Fates of Kings and Kingdoms:
 Nay, some of the best Tragedies belonging to the
English Stage, are founded entirely upon the Dis-
 tress of low Life, and the Misfortunes of private
 Families.

Dryden allows, that tho' the Persons represented
 in Operas are generally Gods, Goddesses, and He-
 roes, who are suppos'd to be their peculiar Care;
 yet this hinders not, but that meaner Persons may
 sometimes gracefully be introduc'd; especially if,
 by Reason of their Innocence, those happy Mor-

tals were suppos'd to have had a more familiar Inter-
course with superior Beings; and therefore Shep-
herds might reasonably be admitted, as of all Cal-
lings the most innocent, and most happy; and
who, by Reason of their almost idle Employment,
had most Leisure to make Verses, and to be in
Love; without which Passion, no Opera can pos-
sibly subsist.

I come now to treat of DANCING, which both
sacred * and prophane Histories talk much of; it
being held in great Esteem from the Beginning of
Time to this Day; and 'tis said, to a Dance and
a Song, in Honour of *Bacchus*, we owe the Rise
of all Stage Entertainments.

We learn from the Right Reverend Bishop *Pot-
ter's Antiquity of Greece*, that from the most antient
Times, Music and Dancing were the principal
Diversions at all Entertainments; and that, in
every Step of private Life, Dancing was particu-
larly esteem'd an Accomplishment becoming all
Persons of Honour and Wisdom.

In *Pindar*, *Apollo* is called, by Way of Excel-
lence, *The Dancer*; and in *Homer* he plays upon
his Harp, and dances at the same Time: Nay,
Jupiter himself, in the Fragment of an old *Greek*
Poem, is usher'd in, as the Father of Gods and
Men, in a Minuet Step. And if we look into
History, we shall find that even *Brutus*, *Cataline*,
Julius Caesar, *Marc Anthony*, &c. were preferr'd
more to their Fellow-Citizens for their Dancing,
than any martial Exploit.

* *Exod.* xv. 20. *Judg.* xi. 34. xxi. 21.
1 *Sam.* xix. 5. 2 *Sam.* vi. from *Ver.* 14, to 17.

'Tis certain Dancing is much antienter than any Author, *Grecian* or *Roman*, makes out. If we judge by any Light they give us into that Affair, it was first us'd in Religious Worship, at least publickly. Now, as *Rome* had its Religion, Morals, Laws, and every Thing polite or useful, from *Old Greece*; on the other Hand, *Greece* was as much indebted, for all these valuable Blessings, to *Old Egypt*; at least, for the principal Part, however the Whole may be disputed.

But as no Man can deny the vast Veneration the Antients, on all Occasions, profess'd for Dancing, I need not be too copious on that Head, or lay too weighty a Stress of Argument, where there is but a small Foundation for Dispute. To be too prolix in tracing it to the remotest Ages of Antiquity, would be amusing the World with trifling Flourishes, and cutting Capers to very little Purpose.

I just hinted before, that the God *Bacchus*, having first brought the Art of planting Grapes into *Greece*, *Icarius* (to whom he imparted the Secret) finding a Goat too free with his Grapes, sacrificed the Beast to the Honour of that Deity; and at the same Time gave an Entertainment of Music and Dancing. This Solemnity pleas'd, and grew into an annual Custom, every Year adding something new to the first Plan; and the Poets intermeddling with the Affair, first added an Actor; another two; the next three; 'till by Degrees, and new modelling, it was so far improv'd, that at last it ended in a regular Tragedy; and that which was only design'd as a Sacrifice, became a finish'd Stage-Play.

I have already shewn that the old *Romans* beheld Dancing with the most favourable Eye, both
in

in their religious Worship, and civil Amusements. The most esteemed Tribe of Priests were called *Salii*, from *Saliendo*, Dancing: Nay, they were founded by *Numa* himself, the *Roman Licurgus*. At their yearly Procession (which was one of the most splendid Sights of *Old Rome*) they travers'd all the Streets with nimble Motions, prodigious Agility, and handsome Turns of the Body; as we are inform'd by several learned Authors.

As to our present State of Dancing, it is so well known already, I need not trouble the Reader on that Head: I shall only observe, those Gentlemen or Ladies are not look'd upon as polite, who can't dance: And 'tis to this great Love for Dancing, all our Masquerades, Ridottos, Balls, Assemblies, &c. owe their Success; which different Kind of Entertainments, I'm satisfy'd, have given as much Distaste to some, as Delight and Satisfaction to others.

But Justice commands me to censure the Proceedings of both Parties: The first, for maintaining its Cause where its Freedoms are unbounded, and its Errors manifest; the other, for blindly striking at the Foundation, without Regard to those Advantages which may be drawn from its Influence on the World.

I may venture to affirm, that these Kind of Entertainments will form, in those who frequent them, the truest Judgments of all Part in polite Life; sharpen them to the finest Edge of Wit, properly set for the genteelest Conversation, and be the surest Guide in conducting them to Perfection in all the liberal Arts: So that a Masquerade may be depended upon as a perpetual Fund of good Sense; the Whet-Stone of Repartee, and a real Academy of Sciences.

The

The various Characters that are there seemingly represented; the different Inclinations, Desires and Interests that fill every Breast, and that Medley of Nations, Languages and Judgments, must form the most agreeable Mixture of Conversation imaginable, giving every one a true Taste of easy Dialogue, and of Consequence, inspiring them with a sprightly Turn, and fixing the Standard of each Member's talking pertinently in his Character or Profession.

In one Corner may be heard a Consultation of Physicians, determining Life and Death; their Heads full of Receipts, and Mouths of hard Words; all agreeing in the Ends of their Patients, but differing in the Ways thither. In another, a noisy Bench of Lawyers, torturing and commenting upon old Charters, Statutes, Deeds, Records, Wills, &c. and spitting at one another Judgments, Arrests, Scire Facias, Noli-prosequi's, Demurrers, &c.

Here you may 'spy a Tribe of Natural Philosophers, weighing Air, making Experiments on Puppy-Dogs; boasting of their Mummies, venomous Animals, and monstrous Births; astonish'd at the wonderful Variety of Nature in Minerals, Fossils, Shells, &c. There a Group of Virtuosi, poring their Eyes out on Medals, Seals, &c. praising every Thing antique, damning every Thing modern; and reducing what is beautiful in this World to still Life, in Pictures, Statues, Bas-relieves, and other Curiosities of Art.

In one Room they'll find a Circle of Mathematicians, surrounded with Globes, Quadrants, Sectors, Dials, Microscopes, Telescopes, &c. demonstrating the Proportions of Lines, Figures of Squares,

Squares, Angles, Cones, Numbers, Measures, &c. explaining the Problems of *Euclid*, and making the Difficulties of Algebra easy to the meanest Capacity. In another, they may see a Troop of military Men forming Camps, ordering Battles, quartering Soldiers, laying Sieges, raising Blockades; nothing to be heard but Thunder, Blood, Fire, Batteries, Bombardments, and great Guns.

In this Apartment a Band of musical Gentlemen will be very loud, with Concords and Discords, Flats and Sharps, Crotchets and Quavers, Times and Movements, Air and Composition. In that a double Line of Poets will be no less noisy in matching Crambos, weighing Cadences, and trying Words, like Earthen Pipkins, by the Sound, to prove their Goodness. Here a Man may learn to rhyme, fill Pocket-Books with Thoughts, for Ode, Pastoral Elegy, or Epigram; and perhaps some Sentences, proper for the Epic or Dramatic.

One of the wisest *Grecian* Philosophers (in his Regulation of that Commonwealth, whose Rules were the most strictly severe) favoured this Kind of Entertainment so much, that he established a Sort of RIDOTTO, in which the young People of both Sexes promiscuously met, in order to provoke them to Matrimony.

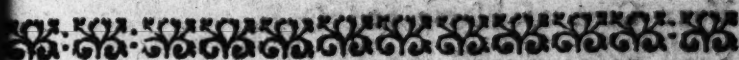
A late Presbyterian Parson said in a Bridal Sermon, to a youthful Congregation; *My Beloved, it signifieth not, though your Wives be young, lovely, virtuous and religious, if they be not FIT Wives; therefore look ye out with Care for FIT Wives, and then you will become as one Body.* Now, where can any Man so properly try to catch a FIT Wife, as at a Masquerade?—If he loves Reservedness, there are *Spanish* Prudes; wou'd he have Life and Air? there are *French* Coquets; hunts he after
Inno-

Innocence? there are Milk-Maids, and Shepherdesses; is ignorant Youth his Game? there are large Babies in Leading-Strings; covets he Riches? there are venerable Matrons, old and ugly; does he think Knowledge convenient? there are Widows, just come from their Husbands Funerals; seeks he the obedient Slave? there are *Turkish* Ladies, just elop'd from the Seraglio? is Religion alone his Aim? there are Nuns and Quakers; but would he have all Perfections in one Habit? there are Domines.

Before I conclude, it will be expected I should say something more of the Ridotto, which is indeed a tolerable pretty Jumble of Music, Dancing, Gaming, &c. but, at best, a bare-fac'd Masquerade, where People are admitted disguis'd, *without a Vizard*, and hide their Hearts by their *natural Faces*. In short, a Ridotto is as stupidly insipid, as a Masquerade is wittily brilliant; where one may find Love without Gallantry; a numerous Assembly, without Life or Gaiety; and Conversation without Wit.

Since I am got into this Road of Amusements, my Readers may be desirous, that I should not pass by Drawing-Rooms, Assemblies, &c. without calling in; but as these Entertainments are of a private Nature, I shall only remark, they are upon as dull a Footing as Ridottos, if not worse; where Honour and Respect are gain'd by a fortunate Card, or a lucky Cast; where good Sense and Breeding are measur'd by the Sounds of Titles, and Shew of Fortune; where Scandal and a Grin are taken for Wit and genteel Behaviour; where Brocade and Embroidery make the *fine Lady* and *fine Gentleman*; and, lastly, where a common Sharper, with a long Purse of Gold, is admitted as an Equal to the first Peer in the Kingdom.

A DIA-



A

DIALOGUE SONG,

*Wrote by the Author for the Entertainment of His
Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, which
was commanded to be sung twice while His
Royal Highness was present at the Great The-
atrical Booth in Bartholomew Fair.*

Tune, *Round Ear'd Cap, &c.*

M A N.

STAY, dearest Maiden fair,
Thy Face, thy Shape, thy Air,
The very Soul ensnare,

Sincerely.

That Glance has sent a Dart
Quite thro' my glowing Heart,
I feel th' tingling Smart

Severely.

W O M A N.

Dear Sir, I'm none of the Town,
That will — for Half a Crown —
Obligingly lie down,

To please you.

D

Your

Your Cant of Flame and Dart,
 Shall never wound my Heart,
 For your pretended Smart,

To ease you,

CHANGE.

MAN.

Come, prithee, my Dear,
 Away to the Fair,
 And taste the Delight
 Of e'ery fine Sight,

Inviting.

With me you will find,
 To Mirth all inclin'd,
 Songs, Fiddles, and Jokes,
 And gay, merry Folks,

Delighting.

We'll thence to the Tavern,
 Where, in a fly Cavern,
 We'll toy and be frisky!
 By Jove, I'll so whisk ye!
 So mould you! so fold you!
 Your Beauty my Passion,
 And warm Inclination,

Exciting.

WOMAN.

W O M A N.

What if the Sport shou'd
Inflame my young Blood?
While wanton Desire,
To quench Love's Fire,

Directs me,

And shou'd you not prove
To answer my Love,
But a fumbling Beginner,
A worn-out, old Sinner,
With Mumbling and Grumbling,
A Flash in the Pan, Sir,
And nothing of Man, Sir,
'Twou'd perplex me!

M A N.

Receive, by this Kiss,
An Earnest of Bliss,
And trust to a youthful
Endeavour,

W O M A N.

Oh! pish!—nay, pray, fie!
I cannot comply!
I never can do it!

No——never!

D 2

M A N.

MAN.

Come, come, by this Hand,
 The Bargain must stand;
 I must have Recourse,
 Dear Charmer, to Force,
 Spight of your Denying,

I'll try you.

WOMAN.

Come, come, by this Hand,
 The Bargain won't stand;
 If, void of Remorse,
 You'll do it by Force,
 How shall I be able

To fly you?



Forlorn Hope: Or, Old Lasses Sighs.

In Imitation of STERNHOLD and HOPKINS.

I.

MUCH vex'd in Mind, did *Sylvia* say
 To *Lucia*, on her Birth-Day,
 How cursed is that Maiden's Fate,
 Who lives unwed 'till Thirty.

II. 'Tis

II.

'Tis true, says *Lucia*, help us Lord;
And then she lac'd her Waist up;
What is't we've done? they both reply'd,
That Man we must not taste of!

III.

But add to this the oddest Thing,
And mind how it was carried,
Just at this Time runs *Celia* in,
And tells them, *She was marry'd.*

IV.

Married, says *Sylvia*! *Lucia* next,
Throws Wonders out in Plenty;
You see our Patience, they reply'd,
But you must wed e'er Twenty!

V.

To tell the Truth, says the young Bride,
E'er Fifteen I arriv'd at,
Oh! how I wish'd! — I long'd,
To have my Man in Private.

VI.

Betty * turn'd out, *Celia* began
To tell what Joys she'd tasted!
O lovely! pleasant Night! said she,
How quickly it was wasted!

* *The Chamber-Maid.*

VII. But

30 THE CURIOSITY: OR,

VII.

But here my Muse must draw a Veil,
And hide what happen'd after,
Lest some shou'd call me waggish Bard,
(Tho' sily they wou'd laugh, Sir).

VIII.

To end this Tale, fair *Celia* begs,
(And hopes it will be granted)
That she might to her Bridegroom go,
For fear she shou'd be wanted.

IX.

They crav'd her Patience for a-while,
But, oh! they begg'd in vain;
For go she wou'd, to *cast his Wants*,
And then she'd come again.

X.

I wish some abler Pen than mine
Wou'd here take up the Story,
For 'tis, I fear, beyond my Reach,
To lay it all before ye.

XI.

Lucia and *Sylvia* now fall out,
And have most sullen Qualms;
They make it up, and both agree,
To end the Night with Psalms.

XII. L—

XII.

L—— hear our Prayers, they loudly call,
 As Life is but a Span,
 We humbly beg, that we may taste,
 That God-like Creature, Man!



The Assembly : Or, York Beauties.

LET other Poets prostitute their Muse,
 And, like a Hackney-Horse, serve e'ery Use;
 Let *Pope* write Satire, oft as he's inclin'd,
 And make new *Dunciads*, for to lash Mankind;
 Let *H——y* * write, what ne'er was taught in
 Schools,

"Till he appears—the Quintessence of Fools!

Let others scourge his most insipid Chat,

With new Editions of—*A Tit for Tat* †,

And C——r make new Odes, on G--- knows what! }

Let *Savage* § write, in voluntary Way,

And far eclipse the Jack-As now in Pay,

In hopes, 'twill be his own another Day ; }

* *Epistle to a certain Doctor.*

† *A sharp Satire on Lord H——y.*

§ *Voluntary Poet Laureat.*

Let

32 *The* CURIOSITY: *Or,*

Let B——s write, Men must forbear to sin on,
'Till they have prov'd, Themselves have no Reli-
gion ;

Let wretched Writers, in more wretched Cause,
Extol the ——, Sir R——t, and the L——s !
Let each, I say, in his own Way proceed,
'Till *Caleb's* sick, and *Common Sense* does bleed !
Let 'em, I say, in endless Discords jar,
And swear 'tis Peace, though 'tshou'd be open
War !

Let 'em write on, 'till they can end the Strife,
(*But not one Word of Pensions, for your Life !*)
While I, with Thoughts more pleasing, set me
down,

And mean no Harm, to *Minister*, or *Crown*.
Oh ! aid, *Parnassus* ! help th' Muse along,
Ennerve his Numbers, beautify his Song !
'To You, ye Fair ! he dedicates his Lays ;
'Tis You inspire, 'tis You deserve his Praise !
Chear'd by Your Smiles, he all Things else disdains,
Your Beauty scatters, either Crowns, or Chains.

View then, Spectator ! view those spacious
Piles *,

Where Beauty centres, and Good nature smiles !
Assist me, Muses, ever-tuneful Nine,
To make th' Beauties, and th' Artist shine ;

* *The Assembly in Blake-Street.*

And

And let not DRAKE, O venerable Name !
Lie thus unback'd, in writing *Yorkshire's* Fame :
I'll sing of Beauties, and th' Building's Fame,
Lasting as Time, and deathless as his Name !
I'll give the Artist of this Pile complete
(Where the *Corinthian* and *Composite* meet)
All that to Art is due ———

But what these Buildings! what this mighty Din!
To Nature's Buildings! Beauties that's within!
Be this my Task ; and *Drake* must, sure ! resign,
When all *Parnassus* aids my grand Design.

“ Beauty ! thou sweet Reformer of Mankind !
“ Polish'd by thee, the Clown becomes refin'd ;
“ The Haughty humble, and the Rude well bred,
“ The Tim'rous valiant, and the Bold afraid.
“ Chear'd by thy Smiles, the Wretch forgets his
Woe,
“ And from thy Frowns our tenderest Sorrows flow.
“ Aw'd in thy Presence, Fops and Smarts forbear,
“ With Jest's obscene, to wound the modest Ear.
“ For thee the Warrior bears the rough Campaign,
“ Nor knows to tremble, but at thy Disdain.
“ Inspir'd by thee, our latent Worth appears,
“ Abrave Ambition fires our early Years
“ To rise in Merit, or polite to shine,
“ And all our greatest, worthiest Deeds are thine.

See fair *Corinna*, with resifless Grace,
Swim in soft Dance! to whom each Nymph gives
Place:

And view *Cassandria*, oh! that killing Eye!
That Rose! that Lilly! in its fairest Dye!
That Face! that Shape! that Smile's Mankind's
Delight!

Here all the Charms of Face and Shape unite——
In fair *Mirtilla*, see each Female Charm,
The Eye to ravish, or the Heart to warm;
Fair in her Form, still fairer in her Mind;
With Beauty Wisdom, Sense with Sweetness
join'd;

Adorn'd with all that's charming to the Sight,
At once our Admiration and Delight ——
In *Sylvia* (beaut'ous Frame) meets ev'ry Grace,
Soft, blooming Beauty blushing in her Face,
With all the Graces sparkling in her Eyes,
And Love in Ambush on her Bosom lies:
An easy Smile adorns her lovely Mein;
Gay sparkling Beauty in her Eyes are seen!
And who but sees her smile, or hears her speak,
Find there are Charms that dwell not in the Cheek,
Charms! far before the Beauties of the Skin,
The Life of Beauty rises from within;

Flows from the Soul, and animates the Breast,
In Words and Actions, Looks and Smiles ex-
press'd.

Such melting Sweetness! such a Heaven of Love!
Again might tempt, but ne'er would yield to
Jove.

Turn then, ye Swains, from Nymphs that you de-
spise,

And here, with Emulation, fix your Eyes.

Love sure an Image paints in every Breast,

And each pursues the Picture there express'd;

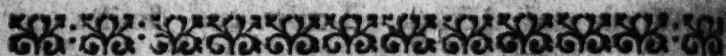
The Fair, the Black, the Brown, have all their
Charm,

Their different Beauties, different Bosoms warm.

Thus to the Fair I dedicate my Song,

To whom my noblest, sweetest Strains belong.





A N
E S S A Y
O N

————— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius, magnas plerumque secat res.

H o r.

Whatever Censure this little Work may meet with hereafter, in other Points, I hope my Readiness to oblige those Gentlemen, who have honour'd me with Subscriptions, on the various Particulars by them requir'd, will safely secure me from any Charge of Ingratitude. And, as I would most carefully avoid such Imputation, I cannot well enter upon the above Subject, without acknowledging the generous Favours I have received from the Gentleman who order'd this small Essay, by his stirring greatly in my Interest (tho' unknown) and doing me the Honour to make a large Addition to my List of Subscribers. And tho' I should be so unhappy to fall short of the wish'd for Beauties of Eloquence and fine Language, I rest well assur'd, it will be pass'd by with a great deal of Good-Nature, notwithstanding, at best, the Reader may say with *Martial*,

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocra, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis —————

i. e. Amongst what you read, there are some good, some tolerable, but more bad.

Monfieur *Ribcleau* fays, A Man that fets up for a Publick Writer, fhould have a large Portion of Wit, Humour and Learning; that he muft be Mafter of Eloquence, and write in a free and unaffected Stile: And yet, fays he, with all thefe fine Qualifications, or any other that Nature can beftow on a human Creature, it will be impoffible for him to cut a Figure in every Thing he writes; nay, adds he, I have known very infipid Pieces come from the moft celebrated Writers

I hope the Reader will not imagine, by giving *M. Richleau's* Thoughts on Publick Writers, that I mean to lay Claim to the fine Qualifications he recommends as neceffary for fuch a Perfon; no, far be it from me; if I fhould have the Happinefs to pleafe, I'm well affur'd, it muft be either owing to Chance, or, (at beft) fome few Parts Nature has beftow'd upon me, more than to Learning, Wit, or Humour. Indeed, I muft confeß, the above Paßage of that ingenious *Frenchman's* gave me fome fmall Encouragement to proceed on my Subject; for tho' an ill-natur'd Critic fhould take it in his Head to declare it an infipid Piece, I have this great Author's Words for it, that much abler Pens than mine have come under the like Censure. However, I muft beg Leave to obferve, the Subject will bear but little Argument, nor give much Satisfaction to the Reader, tho' handled by the moft able Writer.

————— *Ridiculum acri*

Fortius & melius, magnas plerumq; fecat res.

i. e.

i. e. A Jest [merry Drollery, or to act in a smooth, good-natur'd Way, &c.] sometimes puts an End to weighty Controversies [Matters, &c.] better than sharp and severe Expressions [or representing Things in a more ill-natur'd Manner, &c.]

This old Phrase, like most others, will not serve without Exception ; and no doubt but it will plainly appear so to every Reader [SOMETIMES puts an End to, &c.] If I was acquainted in what Manner my kind Correspondent wou'd have me treat the present Subject, I should then, perchance, do it more agreeable to his Wish ; but, as the Case now stands, I'm left in Doubt after what Manner to proceed ; if he would apply these Words of *Horace* to Youth only, no doubt but it wou'd stand good in a more general Way ; it being beyond Dispute, that mild Usage has gain'd more Votaries to Learning, than the most severe Treatment.

But then, on the other Hand, I must not, by any Means, leave this Passage of *Horace* as a Standard on all Occasions, Experience having taught me otherwise : And I think *Pliny* agrees with my Sentiments on this Occasion, when he says,

Ut in vita sic in studiis, pulcherrimum & humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere ; ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam, procedat.

i. e. As in Life, so in Study, I esteem it the best and most human Thing, to mingle Mildness and Severity, so that the one may not run into Melancholly, nor the other into Wantonness.

Not but I could bring several Instances to support the above Lines of *Horace*, and prove that Affair

Affairs of great Consequence have happily ended in a Jest, after all severe Methods had been practis'd without Success; and, indeed, I don't know of any Thing more *a-propos* to my present Purpose, than that of Cardinal *Abdeni*, who being so intolerably indispos'd with an Impostume in his Throat, that all his Physicians had given him over, on which his Relations, and those about him, began to provide for themselves; in short, they were so mercenary, they had stripp'd the unhappy Cardinal of every Thing that was valuable, which he perceiv'd, but could not help himself. I should have observ'd, indeed, his Eminency had a Monkey, which he took a great Liking to on Account of the many merry Pranks he often play'd; and during his Indisposition he wou'd have it in his Chamber to divert him. This cunning Creature, perceiving all very busy for themselves, at length he fixes his Eyes on the Cardinal's Cap, which he directly took Possession of, clapt it on his Head, and immediately repairs to the Glass, to see how it became him; which threw the Cardinal into such a Fit of Laughing, that it broke the Impostume, and he recover'd immediately, to the great Mortification of those who wish'd the Enjoyment of his Effects.

I think the above Circumstance makes good the Words of this great Poet, *viz.* That a Jest oftentimes brings Matters to a better End, than more severe Usage. But that Things do not always end happily in *Jesting*, I can prove from many Circumstances; nor need I go far for one, which I believe every Man is as well acquainted with as myself; and I am ready to appeal to any Person of Common Sense, whether our M — have

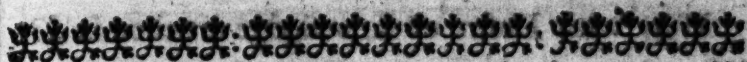
have not *jested*, 'till we are become *the Jest of the whole World!* 'till they have *jested* us out of our *Trade, Liberty, and Courage!* and, indeed, 'till we are *daily insulted* by those who [FORMERLY] wou'd *tremble* to hear an *Englishman* nam'd; so that I may well say, they have *carry'd the Jest too far*; and which more plainly appears from the *Conduct* of our *Neighbours* (the *Dutch* *) who being too well acquainted with those we have thus *unfortunately* been so long *jesting* with, ever to make use of such *pacific Measures*, have gain'd more *Credit*, and *secur'd* their *Rights, Liberty, Trade, &c.* much better by some *Messengers* from the *Canons Mouth*, than ever we can propose to do from all the *Jesting* we are *Masters of*.

Our *Neighbours* very justly took the *Hint*, from our *bad Success* in *Jesting*, never to pursue such *Measures* themselves; so that they have fulfill'd the *Lines* in the *Old Ballad* of the *Lady's Fall* —

*Learn to be wise from others Harm,
And you shall do full well.*

From all which it appears, that tho' *Jesting, Good-humour, &c.* may answer very well in *some Cases*, yet it will certainly fail of *Success* in *others*.

* *This was written when the News arrived, that some Dutch Men of War had taken two Spanish Guarda Costa's in the West Indies, and hang'd the whole Crew, for taking some Dutch Ships without a Commission from the Catholick King, &c.*



The Progress of a Female Rake.

An Epistle from LIBERTINA to SYLVIA. In
which is contain'd, *The A-la-mode System.*

*Men, some to Business, some to Pleasure take,
But every Woman is, at Heart, a Rake. POPE.*

WHILE you, my Dear, with Philosophic
Eyes,

Look with Contempt, on all beneath the Skies ;
Of Wisdom fond, the diff'rent Orbs survey,
And count the Stars which form the milky Way :
Who like a *Solomon*, by Age grown wise,
Can Pleasures past most prudently despise ;
Gravely pronounce all Vanity, which you
By Years deny'd, no longer can pursue :
Who with much Reading can, at length, discover
That Fifty is no Charm t'engage a Lover —
Say ; did you quit this odious vicious Town
While you'd a Charm which you cou'd name your
own ?

Nay, while with Art, you could your Face repair,
Or Black-lead Combs disguise the whit'ning Hair ?
If this is, *Sylvia*, as you know it, true,
You fled no Pleasure ; Pleasure fled from you.

F

Why

Why with Desire of Knowledge art thou fir'd?
 Why, but to be some other Way admir'd?
 No more thy Beauties can exact our Praise,
 And mimic Virtue must new Trophies raise.

From Piles of Books, this single Truth does flow,
 Our Search is Folly; and we nothing know:
 Thro' tedious Study, Men to Age advance,
 And labour, but to learn their Ignorance.
 In Native Blindness let me then remain,
 And save myself an Age of useless Pain!
 'This I conceive full well by Nature's Light;
 No Finite can take in the Infinite.
 To seek to know what Heav'n conceals, is vain,
 Should we suppose the Search is not prophane——
 Why in a Cockle don't we try to keep
 The wat'ry Mountains of the briny Deep?
 Th' Attempt's not fonder than to hope to see
 Into the Secrets of Eternity.

Here we are plac'd, but know not how, nor why
 We now exist, and are decreed to die;
 Whether, hereafter, we shall live again,
 Revive to endless Joy, or endless Pain;
 Whether, in other Forms we shall be bound,
 Or be for ever in Oblivion drown'd;
 In Bodies suited to the Element,
 In Air, in Fire, or else in Seas be pent;

Or to some other Planet wing our Flight,
Which from some other Sun receives its Light :
Whether, for us, there is a Heav'n or Hell,
School-Men may guess, and so may I as well.

'Till Time had stol'n the Light'ning from her
Eyes,

Sylvia was never known to moralize ;
She gave a Loose to ev'ry gay Desire,
And own'd the tender Flame she cou'd inspire ;
No priestly Doubts cou'd on her Joys break in,
Imprudence only was a mortal Sin :
By Conscience undisturb'd, she calmly slept,
And Virtue suffer'd nought—the Secret kept.

Think not that I from Virtue e'er will stray,
By chusing Fops, whose Vanities betray.
Virtue, we know, subsists in other's Thought,
And she is virtuous, who was never caught :
Our Virtue then, is Prudence in our Choice,
On that alone depends the public Voice :
You, ever chaste, a Groupe of Youths enjoy'd,
But one Intrigue, *Mirtilla's* Fame destroy'd.
The World by Outside judges, and we see
Fame takes its Rise from what we seem to be :
A Vestal thus, Imprudence shall undo,
While Caution makes a Vestal—ev'n of you.

Cou'd we but see the World, without Disguise,
 What Numbers shou'd we find of living Lies !
 What wanton Female Saints ! what praying Knaves !
 What coward Heroes ! and what virtuous Slaves !
 What *Atheists* dreading, what they don't believe !
 What pious Teachers, laughing in their Sleeve !
 What Men of Honour, scheming to betray
 The thoughtless Heir, and ruin him by Play !
 What wealthy Bankrupts, who by Outside live,
 What upright —, who by — thrive !
 What pious Bawds ! what honourable Pimps !
 What lustful Stoics ! and what holy Imps !

We all act diff'rent Parts from what we are,
 And from our Playing gain our Character.
 'To hit the Mean, demands both Care and Art,
 Some play below, and some o'er-act their Part :
 Thus *Indola*, impatient of Restraint,
 Reveals the Wanton, while she apes the Saint.
Vesana, wou'd a modern Pattern be
 Of Moderation and Humility :
 Twice ev'ry Day she'll public Pray'rs frequent,
 Her Patience such, she can no Wrongs resent ;
 Revenge ! oh, fie ! 'tis what she ne'er did seek,
Vesana is forbearing, just, and meek ;
 To the Necessitous a Friend — No more
 She counts herself, than Steward to the Poor :

Yet

Yet, for a Trifle, will this Lamb grow warm,
And roar as loud as a *November Storm*;
Swear like a Trooper, ev'ry Servant beat,
Curse her own Children, and alarm a Street;
Prey on the Needy by usurious Loan,
And surely make their small Remains her own.
When e'er the old *Vertulus* opes his Mouth,
He quotes the Scripture, *Tillotson* or *South*;
Laments the Lewdness of the present Age,
And makes perpetual War upon the Stage:
In all o'er-acts his Part, and we may see
The Knave, beneath a Mask of Probity.

As each is conscious of his own Disguise,
He views his Neighbour with more prying Eyes;
Prudent conceals himself, but seeks with Care,
What is his Neighbour's real Character:
'Thus do your Swords-Men, of the premier Class,
At once secure themselves, and make their Pass:
While, like loose Fencers, others shall receive
A deeper Wound, than that they aim to give;
Their Neighbours canvas with such ardent Zeal,
That want of Caution does themselves reveal.
This Theory, my Friend, I learn'd from you,
And Time has shewn, it is, in Practice, true:
What Judgment then, would *Sylvia* have me make
Of that Advice, she wishes me to take?

Life is, you say, no more than transient Breath,
And ev'ry Gasp we fetch, we draw in Death ;
Wherefore, we shou'd this trifling World despise,
And think of nothing, but Eternal Joys ;
Life yields but few, and those not free from Pain,
Therefore from those it yields, we shou'd refrain.
Does not this say, your Patrimony's small ?
'Twere better, therefore, you had none at all :
More prudent, sure, wou'd be th' Advice to save,
And make the most of ev'ry Doit we have.

Does Reason teach us, that th' Almighty can
Conceive Delight in Miseries of Man ?
That he has made our State of Life much worse
Than that of Beasts ; with Appetites to curse ?
Reason, you say, shou'd stubborn Passions break ;
And yet you'll own, that Reason is too weak :
Thus, the most boasted Gift of bounteous Heav'n,
Is vainly, by your own Confession, giv'n.
If seven times the just Man falls a Day,
Of what Avail is Reason ! — Can you say ?
These Maxims are absurd ; since you must own,
By them, we're bound to do, what can't be done.
They are prophane ; since want of Pow'r shall be
Punish'd (by them) with endless Misery ;
Or else (by them) those who can nought deserve,
Have Crowns of Glory laid up in Reserve.

While

While you, such senseless Maxims dare advance,
Don't you depose a G---d, to set up Chance ?
Divest him of his Attributes, and we
Lose all Idea of the Deity ?
They're Justice, Mercy, and Omnipotence,
His Omnipresence and Omniscience,
Which point out G---d, ineffable, sublime,
Beyond all Limits, or of Place or Time ;
Eternal Source of Light, of Life, of Bliss,
In whom alone, centers all Happiness :
Perfect and pure, unchangeable, and One,
To all gives Being, and derives from None.
Your Tenets shew him, what I scarce dare speak,
A Being cruel, changeable and weak ;
Who brings poor Wretches forth to Life and Light,
To plunge 'em into living Death, and endless Night.

I dare not think thus wickedly, I own,
Of the All-merciful, Tremendous One.
Eternal Goodness, Reason says, can ne'er
Give me my Passions, but to prove a Snare.
Life is replete with Ills ; by gracious Heav'n
To mitigate those Ills, were Passions giv'n ;
These we may gratify and treat as Jest,
The idle Menaces of greedy Priests,
Who for their Lucre feign'd a Heav'n and Hell,
T'enhance our Fears, and idle Pardons sell.

A little Time, and we're no longer seen,
Nay, quite forgot, as if we ne'er had been :
Shall we then, Pleasures of this Life forego,
And make our Days one constant Round of Woe ;
As if th' Almighty cou'd Delight conceive,
Seeing unhappy wretched Mortals grieve ;
With Nature struggling, mortify'd, refuse
The Blessings, which she sheds with Hand profuse ?
If in th' unequal Strife, we are o'ercome,
Can the All-merciful pronounce our Doom ?

Such Thoughts as these from Melancholly flow,
Which nought presents, but Misery and Woe ;
Phylick will teach you, and the Reason's plain,
The Spirits act not freely on the Brain ;
Which if they did, were thin, were pure and clear,
We shou'd be cheerful, and devoid of Fear :
But when condens'd by Humours, dry, and cold,
We suffer Change, and Fear invades the Bold :
Then does our Fancy form a thousand Racks,
And we are turn'd to Beasts, to Clay, to Wax ;
Are Barley-Grain, and dread the hungry Fowl,
Now a Glass-bottle, then again an Owl ;
Are sick while well, while living we are dead,
Walk without Legs, and talk without a Head :
To day a purling Stream, we rowl along,
And, murm'ring, aid the Plaintive Shepherd's Song ;
Calmly

Calmly we glide, yet fear tempestuous Rains
 Shou'd swell our Tide, and deluge all the Plains:
 To-morrow sees some other Fancy work;
 No longer now a Stream, we're turn'd to Cords,
 And dread the Skrew; or else a lofty Oak,
 And apprehend the cruel Woodman's Stroke.
 One fears to Urine, as a damning Crime,
 For he shou'd drown the World a second Time:
 Another dreads, shou'd he caress his Wife,
 His strong Embrace wou'd terminate her Life:
 Thus the religious Mad, with Fears of Hell,
 Flies from the World, and's buried in a Cell:
 For fancied Ills does real Ills sustain,
 And lives the Martyr of an injur'd Brain.

Believe me, *Sylvia*, I such Whims despise,
 Terror of Fools, and Laughter of the Wise;
 I know no Fear but one; and Love of Fame
 Keeps me still anxious to preserve my Name:
 'Tis for this Reason I observe your Rule,
 Close with the Man of Sense, and shun the Fool:
 This gives some Pain, and oft a well-made Fop
 Has tempted me, to let your Maxim drop,
 Follow *Paulina*, who no Pleasure flies,
 Laughs at all Censure: stedfastly denies
 Well witness'd Facts, and swears them monstrous

Lies:

G

You.

50 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

You may believe, or not — just as you please,
For either Way, *Paulina* is at Ease;
Enjoys her Fortune, finds the same Respect,
Or where she's shunn'd, repays it with Neglect.

Martia, more anxious, like a Bully-swagger,
Threatens with pois'nous Draughts, or Midnight
Daggers;

Talks of some daring Friend, whose ready Sword
Will take Revenge for a reflecting Word.

Herculean Labour! Loss to *Britain's* Crown,
What Numbers must he, ev'ry Day, mow down!
What Numbers, *Martia*, has thy cruel Breath
Doom'd, by this Hero's Sword, to unripe Death!
For *Martia*, fond of Youth, her Arts employs,
And throws out ev'ry Bait to take in Boys:
Elated, these to the first Friend declare
How much they are indebted to the Fair;
The Favours they've receiv'd, in publick boast
Describe, and make her hidden Charms their Toast.

Ametra judges right, that Joy's no Sin,
At Scandal laughs, and publickly lies-in:
The Poor and Strong from her receive their Pay,
Grown weak or pert, for others they make Way.
Why shou'd the World *Ametra's* Actions scan,
Is then Variety reserv'd for Man?
They, without Scandal, quit the Wife's Embrace,
And oft the Chamber-Maid supplies her Place:

A Countess weeps, a Peasant is carefs'd,
And this, with Men, is treated as a Jest.
May not *Ametra*, then, without Reproach,
Enjoy the Lucky who's behind her Coach:
Love while she likes, and when she's cloy'd forsake,
Turn off one Lover, and another take?
Thus does she argue, and 'tis thus she does,
Treating her Fav'rites, as she uses Cloaths;
Wears them while fresh, and while they please the
 Eye,
Then for her Woman's Use, she throws them by.

From these, Example I shall never take,
I'll be a prudent, tho' a Female Rake;
For Prudence is not to the Male confin'd,
Our Sex can boast as great a Strength of Mind.
I ev'ry Taste enjoy; yet, with some Pain,
I, hitherto have liv'd without a Stain;
But then this Pain, does ampler Pleasure give,
To observe how artfully I can deceive.

Now learn how prudently I play my Game,
Nor fear, hereafter, I shall blot my Fame.
The tim'rous Lover, aw'd by Virtue's Mask,
Who sighs for Joys he is afraid to ask,
I soon discard; for he who dares not speak,
I judge, for Secrets of such Weight, too weak;
By haughty Airs, or by a cold Neglect,
I, easily, shake off the trembling Sect.

This too's a Maxim, which I learn'd from you,
The Man who Courage wants, wants Prudence too.

I never yet, could think my Secret safe
With Fools, who boldly at Religion laugh;
Who at all Times and Seasons will be gay,
And are not mov'd at what the World can say.
Whate'er our Notions of Religion are,
On that profess'd, 'tis Folly to make War.

The Man, who on his Impudence relies,
And boasts a generous Scorn of all Disguise,
Who boards the Fair, as Soldiers storm a Town,
And with G--d D---ye's thinks to bear her down;
Whose Rhet'rick is, Nay --- Z---ds, I know you
well,

You are afraid --- by G--d I scorn to tell,
B---d, I am found --- D---n it, nay --- why so coy;
Are not you Women form'd, like us, for Joy?
Such Men, I say, whate'er their Rank may be,
A second Time, find no Access to me.
In ev'ry publick Place those Men I fly,
A Bow from them's sufficient to destroy.
As noisy Bullies boast their great Exploits,
And talk of Conquests in imagin'd Fights;
So, these vain Bablers, with audacious Mein,
Will Favours boast, from those they ne'er have seen.

The feather'd Fop, who makes his Dress his
Care,

Shou'd not be trusted by the prudent Fair ;
Fond of himself, and of his Conquest proud,
He will proclaim her Infamy aloud.
From others Follies, I have learn'd the Wit,
T'avoid those Shelves, on which I've seen them split.

There is a Set of Men, from which I chuse,
Who will no Favours of the Fair abuse ;
Who live luxurious on the publick Sweat,
Drink richest Wines, provoking Viands eat :
For whom *Burgundia* does her Vine produce,
For whom, *Tokay* sends forth its flagrant Juice ;
Whom neither Care nor Study does exhaust,
Who for their Appetites will spare no Cost ;
Who are as anxious to preserve their Fame,
(By which they live) as the most prudent Dame.
These are the Men with whom no Risque we run,
To ease that Burthen Custom has laid on.
Be satisfied, and banish ev'ry Fear,
(Pleasure's my Chace, yet Reputation's dear)
Nor tremble while I rake with so much Care.

LIBERTINA.

The



The Accomplish'd Rake.

Throw an Eye into the gay World, what see we, for the most part, but a Set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, phantastical Beings, worn out in the keen Pursuit of Pleasure; Creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own Infelicity? The decay'd Monuments of Error! The thin Remains of what is call'd Delight.

Dr. YOUNG's True Estimate of Human Life.

IN vain, dear *Jack*, dost thou employ thy Youth,
And keep long Vigils, in the Search of Truth;
Study's but Fuel to a prying Mind,
The more we know, the more unknown we find:
The Thirst of Knowledge, Knowledge does encrease,
Raifes fresh Doubts, and robs us of our Peace.

What do we gain, in lab'ring to be wise;
T' encrease our Pain, and what we've learn'd de-
spise?

The Miser thus, will Night and Day employ
To heap up Treasures, which he'll ne'er enjoy;
His Thirst of Pelf, encreases with his Store,
He pines for Wealth, and is in Plenty poor.

Away

Away then all your Books——if fond of Knowledge,

Seek it in Town, and quit the muddy College ;
Here, the soft Sex ; here, the enlivening Bottle,
Will teach you more than can old *Aristotle*.
Far, far from Sight be ev'ry Volume hurl'd,
And read, in Town, the Volume of the World.
Here an essential Property you'll find,
Tho' strange to think, is to no Subject join'd ;
Substance, which doth not of its self subsist,
And real Nothings, which, in Fact, exist :
Here, ev'ry Leaf does contradict our Schools,
Here, Fools are Doctors, only Doctors Fools.

Here, you may learn how blind our Fathers were,
Who thought a future State deserv'd their Care :
By Tenets aw'd, Tenets now found absurd,
They liv'd abstemious, and their Passions curb'd ;
Wrought on by Hopes, in future Life, of Bliss,
Fondly gave up their Happiness in this ;
Or fear'd with Threat'nings of Eternal Fire,
They'd Monks enrich, and from the World retire.
Oh, Age of Night ! by Brain-sick Fools like these,
Th' indulging Priest enjoy'd luxurious Ease ;
Laugh'd in his Sleeve, when, by the pious Cheat,
He gull'd some Idiot of his whole Estate ;
Sent him to mortify, to fast and pray,
While he himself gave ev'ry Passion Sway.

Priests

56 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Priests of all Sects, the Credulous abuse,
Be they or *Christians, Pagans, Turks or Jews.*

Here you will learn, that Study's Loss of Time,
And Poets need not Sense t' embellish Rhime.
That who drinks most, is most the Man of Merit,
And the gay *Albist* shews, alone, true Spirit.
Who damns the Clergy, and frequents the Stews,
Dines at *Le Bee's*, does Mother *H---y---d's* use;
Swears with good Grace, calls Decency a Jest,
Talks without Meaning, modishly is dress'd;
Sings luscious Songs, and laughs beyond all Measure,
You'll find set down among the Men of Pleasure.

'Tis true, this Book shews not the by-past Age,
The modern Race engrosses ev'ry Page.
The lovely Sex without Restraint are gay,
And ev'ry Charm invitingly display;
The shorten'd Coats, th' alluring Limbs reveal,
And shew those Charms I'd have a Wife conceal:
These form Ideas of extatic Joys,
And give Encouragement to bashful Boys.
Their low cut Stays th' enchanting Bosom show,
And give a Sample of the Heav'n below:
So short's the Sleeve, th' unraptur'd Youth may see,
In the plump Arm, a beauteous Symetry.

What

What Flood of Joy, what Scene of high Delight,
To lie encircled in such Arms all Night !
Press'd to the snowy Breast ? ... but hold, my Muse,
Nor let thy Raptures chaster Ears abuse :
Some of the tender Sex so modest are,
A double Meaning wou'd offend the Ear ;
So quick their Sense, (abhorring what's obscene)
They oft discover, what (perhaps) none mean :
Yet will these Vestals, whensoever they find
Vigour and Youth, with true Discretion join'd,
Throw off th' uneasy Mask, in which they're dress'd,
And all the *Messalina* stands confess'd.
These, wou'd we know their real Character,
We backwards read, as Witches read a Pray'r :
The Modest only, are by these deem'd rude ;
You'll find them in the Leaf which paints the Prude.

In the next Page the gay Coquette appears,
Sprightly her Looks, and lively are her Airs ;
Giddy and Wanton thro' a Crowd she darts,
And frankly owns her Aim, to conquer Hearts ;
Her Ears are open to each Swain's Distress,
And seems to pity, tho' she can't redress :
If home she's urg'd, she takes another Air,
And awes the Timid with a Brow severe :
Of Flattery fond, and of Admirers proud,
All Arts she proves, which may augment the Crowd.

As vain of Lovers, as she is of Cloaths,
 She sweeps along, with an huge Train of Beaus.
 Tell her that such, are little more than Chaff,
 She'll answer true, -- but then they make me laugh
 Women with such, no Reputation lose,
 The Things are innocent ---- but yet amuse:
 Your Men of Sense, too serious are for me,
 And with that Class, 'tis dangerous to be free.

At Plays, at Op'ras, and at Masquerade,
 She eagerly pursues a flying Shade;
 Pleasure's her Chace: In this Pursuit she's keen,
 And ever shifting, with false Views, the Scene:
 A Wish obtain'd, she does a Cloud embrace,
 And starts some other Objects for the Chace:
 Eager to grasp what none can e'er acquire,
 She hazards Fame to gratify Desire.
 Thus have I seen a thoughtless Infant run,
 And toil and sweat beneath a Mid-day Sun,
 To make some gaudy Butterfly his Prize,
 Which if he does, the painted Insect dies;
 And the poor Child, unknowing of his Good,
 A Fever risks by over-heated Blood.
 The Fate of all these flutt'ring Coquette Things,
 Is like the Moth's, which burns, at length, its Wings:
 Some pushing Fop finds an unguarded Hour,
 And they are subject to a Coxcomb's Pow'r.

This Leaf of Woman let us now turn o'er,
And the gay Part of our own Sex explore.
The first of these which we'll produce to Sight,
Read in the Page which treats of the *Polite*.

Behind the Scenes he lolls in decent Pride,
Some *fav'rite Address* ever by his Side ;
Himself in Velvet's dress'd, or rich Brocade,
For which his Mercer is, perhaps, unpaid :
Or in the Green-Room you will find him sit,
And criticizing, prove, he is no——Wit.

See in the Streets his gilded Chariot glares,
With Lackies loaded, drawn by *Flanders* Mares :
Envy'd by Fools, he careless sweeps along,
Like a bright Comet thro' th' admiring Throng.
Cou'd ye but know, ye thoughtless Men, who prize
That Outside only which attracts your Eyes,
How much he lives a Martyr to his Pride,
Pity wou'd rise, and Envy wou'd subside :
He inward bears more than a Mother's Throw ;
His Air of Ease is all an outside Show.
View him at home, how anxious he's to shun,
Or by Invention, to amuse a Dun.
Th' insulting Tradesmen fill his spacious Hall,
And he, submissive, pays his Court to all ;
The harshest Things he either will not hear,
Or calmly answeas with a Bow and Sneer :

Here ev'ry Creditor has Right to teize,
And make his Home a real *Little-Ease* *.

Why will such prove a Man of Honour's Scourge?
Who pay no Debts, whatever Wants they urge!
Why will they thus a vain Attendance dance?
And loosing Time, their Loss sustain'd, enhance!
Do they not know, Affairs of Weight demand,
What ready Cash his Lordship can command?
Unconscionable Men! you wou'd be paid,
Tho' by such Means he baulks a *Masquerade*.
My Lord has Money—well—we grant it true,
It is for *Farinelli*——not for you:
His Lordship's Mistress too must make a Figure,
She must have ready Cash, since *you* won't rigg her.
You wou'd not barb'rously a Lady cheat,
That you, your Wives, and bawling Brats may eat!
The Op'ra too, will ready Money take,
His Lordship must subscribe, his Rep's at Stake:
Shou'd he imprudently his Tradesmen pay,
Where wou'd the Gold be had to keep up Play?
His Lordship promis'd—Fools! to think a Lord
So very unpolite——to keep his Word.

The Morning Tribute of his Patience paid,
His House is clear'd from all these Wasps of Trade;

* *A Place of Punishment in Guildhall, London,
for unruly Prentices.*

He

He now respire : but is not freed from Fears,
And dreads a Dun in ev'ry Blast he hears :
The hunted Deer thus starts at ev'ry Sound,
And seems to hear again the deep-mouth'd Hound.

Now to the Senate let us turn our Sight,
And while *Agrippa* pleads the People's Right,
See him, with Ballances, intently weigh
His Country's Freedom, 'gainst his Patron's Pay.
Thus, when the World obey'd all conqu'ring *Rome*,
She was, herself, by Luxury o'ercome :
Her boasted Freedom publicly was sold,
And the World's Lords became the Slaves of Gold.

Now gaudy Scenes my ravish'd Sight surprize,
The western Sun less gaily paints the Skies !
A variegated lively Race appears,
Tender in Judgment, as they are in Years.
Not Spring itself a gayer Sight can yield,
When with fresh Verdure she adorns the Field :
When *Sol* from *Aries* darts reviving Rays,
And measures equally the Nights and Days,
The blush-red Lilly of the Valley springs,
And the *Anemone* of *British* Kings,
In which the Yellow with the Scarlet vies,
And the strip'd Leaves in beauteous Splendor rise :
When the warm Sun calls forth the blushing Rose,
And Tulips all their Gaiety disclose ;

When

62 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

When the sweet Lilly ravishes the Sense,
And the Jonquils their Fragrancy dispenſe;
Not even then, when Nature does diſplay
Th' enamell'd Store, and bids the Earth look gay,
Not then, tho' aided by a *Furber's* * Art,
To glad the Sight, and to rejoice the Heart,
So great Variety of Colours riſe,
As publick Places offer to our Eyes.

Behold a Pair, Arm link'd in Arm they walk,
That, tall and ſlender as the Lilly's Stalk;
This, like Dwarf *Iris*, wou'd be loſt to Sight,
Were but the Colours of his Dreſs leſs bright:
Theſe, and the careleſs Air, in Spight of Size,
Set him to View, and downward force our Eyes:
The yellow Veſt rich lac'd, which ſcarcely reaches
To meet the Waſteband of the Velvet Breeches,
With Coat of Scarlet Shag, ſhow far more gay,
Than the *Viburnum* of *America*.
Here ſee the *Marygold* and *Jeſmine* join'd,
Th' *Uvaria* and the *Martagon* entwin'd.

Look round the Park, to kill the tedious Hours,
You'll find Variety of walking Flow'rs;
More num'rous Forms among theſe pretty Things,
Than the inventive, tender *Ovid* ſings.

* *A noted and very ingenious Gardener at Kenſington.*

Beneath

Beneath his Hat the *Smart* impounds the Hair,
 Swift is his Pace, and martial is his Air ;
 His oaken Plant, at least, four Foot in Length,
 Like an *Herculean* Club denotes his Strength :
 Intrepid are his Looks, and by his Stare,
 You'll learn he has——nor Shame, nor Wit, nor
 Fear.

Yon pretty Toy, who like a Maiden trips,
 In figur'd Crimson Silk, with Female Hips,
 Whose Wig on either Side has scarce ten Hairs,
 Truss'd to the Crown, and thus most aptly bares
 The brilliant Clasp, which in the Neck is worn,
 At once to close the Stock, and to adorn ;
 Whose Sword hangs vertically by his Side,
 An harmless Blade, essential to his Pride ;
 Was for a Girl design'd ; but erring Nature
 Has made a Male of the enchanting Creature :
 As such, you'll find him in the Senate sit,
 As such, write Politicks, and aim at Wit ;
 But in his Genius, Softness and his Pride,
 Spight of all Art, *The Woman will preside.*

With booted Sleeve, the Top with Gold lac'd
 round,
 By which the Arm is most genteely drown'd.

See

64 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

See the gay *Spurius*, with a meanless Air,
His Head scarce peeping thro' the *Solitaire*,
Which hides the Neck, and rises to each Ear.
Happy Invention! for by this confin'd,
The yard-wide Bag's secure from ruffling Wind.

In an half Dress, the busy *Cortex* see,
With oaken Plant, cut Sleeve, and *Ramellie*;
What different Schemes employ his working Brain,
Attach'd to Pleasure, and intent on Gain!
Distracted with Amours, new Modes, and Stocks,
He's eat by Taylors, Jobbers, and the P—x.

Behold gay *Varius*, in a Dishabille,
His Cloths are modish, and their Cut genteel;
A dark Surtout, with a full Ell of Cape,
The Skirts like Petticoats, and short the Shape:
The Velvet Yoke, of fashionable Taste,
Drowns both the Shoulders, and conceals the Waste:
The Bob contracted, with becoming Grace,
Leaves bare the Neck, and amplifies the Face;
His shallow Hat, of Trencher-breadth is made,
And proves the Emblem of the Wearer's Head:
The *Saxon* Shoe reviv'd, most graceful shows,
With the *Dutch* Straps, which buckle at the Toes.

Now view a Set of Youths, Reverse of these,
One seems to study, one to fly their Ease;

The

The latter Noise, and Midnight Broils delight,
To scour the Watch, or modest Matrons fright;
To hurl a Flask, or some poor Drawer beat,
And make, at Night, an Uproar in the Street:
These boldly into publick Places rush,
And glory, when they make the Modest blush;
They swear big Oaths, look big, but really are,
If brought to Tryal, timid as a Hare.
Avoided and abhorr'd were e'er they come,
They've gain'd from all, the Appellation *Drum*.

Perhaps, you'll ask, where in this Book I'm plac'd,
You'll find me, if you turn to *Rakes of Taste*;
There Sense and Learning, with united Force,
Vainly attempt to stem the rapid Course
Of head-strong Passions, whose resistless Sway
Triumphs o'er all that would impede their Way.

Here Men, you'll find, engage in Virtue's Cause,
And speak it easy, to obey her Laws;
In her alone, prove real Pleasure found,
And shew, by her, with Happiness we're crown'd;
Guided, by her, no Storms of Life we fear,
And stand unmov'd, tho' Fortune proves severe;
With Scorn look down on ev'ry *Mean* that's base,
For Vice alone, the Virtuous think Disgrace:
The Man of Probity will brave his Fate,
And tho' depress'd, he ever will be great.

Virtue does Joy, and Peace of Mind impart,
 Extends our Views, and elevates the Heart ;
 Shews worldly Pleasures are no more than Name,
 Which to Repentance lead, and certain Shame :
 When Nature calls us to resign our Breath,
 She sets our Names beyond the Pow'r of Death.

Such is the Language of our *Rakes of Taste* :
 Who wou'd not think such Men, like *Joseph*, chaste,
 But oh ! my Friend, our Passions are too strong,
 We know what's right ; but yet pursue what's
 wrong :

Our Reason and Philosophy don't prove
 Sufficient Guards, against the Power of Love.

As Coward Soldiers, when from Danger far,
 Slight all the Terrors of destructive War ;
 But when they're led to face them in the Field,
 They make no long Resistance e'er they yield :
 So we, while distant from those lovely Eyes,
 Which soon or late, make ev'ry Heart their Prize,
 While Woman, lovely Woman's not in Sight,
 Of Reason proud, we speak her Pow'r but slight ;
 Deep in Philosophy entrench'd we lie,
 And all th' Artillery of Love despise :
 But, when resolv'd, we see th' ambitious Fair,
 In blooming Beauty, panting for the War.
 See her by Sights enrag'd, th' Attack prepare ;

When

When she erects her Battery of Charms,
And her bright Eyes with keenest Light'ning arms,
Our Courage fails, Reason denies its Aid,
Or is unheard, or by ourselves betray'd ;
And we resistless, are her Captives made. }

Shou'd a Friend's Wife have Charms which
 dang'rous prove,
Honour steps in, and checks encroaching Love ;
If he already has possess'd the Soul,
And hopes to triumph in a Crime so foul ;
A Crime of all, which least can bear the Light,
We argue not, but save ourselves by Flight :
We feign Excuses to avoid the Fair,
And fly her Converse with industrious Care.

Pleasure and Study share our Leisure Time,
And our Excesses rise not to a Crime ;
If now and then we give a little Loose,
And taste, too freely, of th' inspiring Juice,
You'll find us gay, but never hear us loud,
Nor see us reeling thro' a jibling Crowd :
We drown not Reason, while we cheer up Nature,
Nor, by your Follies, furnish Ground for Satire.

No mid-night Broils do e'er call forth the Sword,
No Tradesmen can complain we break our Word :

63 *The CURIOSITY: Or,*

Th' indulging Fair, who pity'd our Distress,
May find our Passion, not Respect, grown less;
Her we can leave, who the last Favour grants,
To fall a Prey, or to Contempt, or Wants.

Tho' in all publick Places we are seen,
We study still to keep the happy *Mean*;
A Decency in ev'ry Act's observ'd,
We ne'er are over free, or too reserv'd:
In Point of Dress, we with the Mode comply,
Nor with the Coxcomb, nor the Cynic vie.
Detraction is to us a Vice unknown,
We see not others Faults, repent our own:
'Tis true, we're frail, but we are secret too,
Examples ta'en from us no Youth undo;
For outside Virtue we expose to View.
By wise OEconomy we somewhat spare,
Thus have no Duns, and Strangers live to Care.
All Youths of Sense, thro' boyish Follies past,
Fix, at the Length, among *Accomplish'd Rakes*.

Philosophy, by this, I've shewn is vain,
Too weak our head-strong Passions to restrain;
For Nature, tho' thrust out, returns again:
As when with Damns we stop a River's Course,
The Stream repell'd, comes back with doubled
Force.





THE
Woman of Taste:
OR, THE
YORKSHIRE LADY.
A
BALLAD OPERA.

*In the gay Round of Joys I'll spend my Days,
Whilst Love my Care, and Pleasure is my Chace.*



Dramatis Personæ.

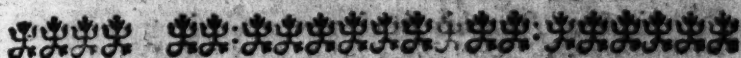
M E N.

Lord Fashion	—	—
Sir George Friendly	—	—
Clerimont	—	—
Townly	—	—
Dapper	—	—
Sir Harry Trueman	—	—
Tim	—	—
George	—	—
James.	—	—

W O M E N.

Libertina	—	—
Sylvia	—	—
Celia	—	—
Phillis.	—	—

THE



PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

WHAT diff'rent Customs diff'rent Ages bring?
We Stagers sometimes play, too often sing:
 Thus, in the Roll of a few circling Years,
 Our Figures vary, as the Mode appears:
 When first Eliza blest'd fair Albion's Throne,
 Our home-spun Dames in simple Grogams shone;
 Nature despis'd th' exploded Helps of Art,
 And down-right Courtship gain'd the Fair One's Heart:
 Slash'd Sleeves and Doublets grac'd the Lover's Arm,
 And Poi ts and Bugles lent his Dress a Charm:
 Our Modern Fashion yet more monstrous grows,
 Apes commence Suitors, and Baboons turn Beaus;
 Tupees and Bags expand'd with a String,
 Shew Fops, like Flocks of Wild-geese, on the Wing;
 Nor Wit nor Language now allure the Fair,
 Unless the Sword hangs perpendicular:
 Yet why the Sex can warrant Modes so strange,
 Is no great Wonder, for they're given to change;
 Like varying Winds their Hearts alternate turn,
 Freeze in one Moment, in another burn.

Then to be plain, our Author quite forsakes
 The rigid Precept of reforming Rakes;
 Leaves to young Levites that praise-worthy Care
 Of saving Souls by Vigils and by Prayer;
 His Satire strikes at a less-gen'ral Part,
 New fangled Dress, and complicated Art:
 Such are th' Endeavours of the Comic Muse,
 And such good Maxims wou'd his Pen infuse;
 And shou'd his Labours have the Luck to please,
 He owns your Favours, and his Heart's at Ease:

For

*For 'tis some Pleasure in so nice a Case,
 If you don't praise, to let him rest in Peace:
 Thus from the Goal contending Steeds set out,
 Push for the Field, and keep the Prize in doubt;
 And tho' the former gains the toilsome Cause,
 In some Degree the Loser meets Applause:
 Barely 't attempt may sometimes raise a Name,
 And, to be willing, is some Kind of Fame.*



P R O L O G U E.

By the AUTHOR.

T*Rembling behind the Scenes our Author sits,
 Yet dreads not Critics, or the Temple-Wits:
 Such Cynics, and such Wou'd be's, give no Pain,
 Their Censure is Applause, their Praise Disdain.
 Such Insignificants, such harmless Things,
 May hiss. 'tis true, but they have lost their Stings.
 In Men of Sense, not Men of Modern Taste,
 The Hope of his young Off-spring now is plac'd:
 Willing by such a Jury to be try'd,
 His Muse by their just Sentence will abide.*

*Perhaps you'll say, to make the Plot compleat,
 That every prating Fop should have his Mate;
 But ye all know such Trifles Cyphers are,
 And unregarded pass, not worth our Care,
 Who, not content with their own native Shapes,
 Rival each other — in commencing Apes.*

*But hold — Good Faith, I had forgot to tell ye,
 We give ye Songs — to copy Farinelli:
 Words without Meaning have been all the Fashion,
 E'er since Italians have debauch'd the Nation:
 In Expectation that we shall regain ye,
 We strive with English Songs to entertain ye.*

T H E



THE
WOMAN OF TASTE.

MEDLEY OVERTURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in London.

Sir George Friendly and Clerimont meeting.

Sir George.

HA! dear *Clerimont*, I'm o'er-joy'd to meet you! [*Embracing*] — Welcome, my Friend, you're doubly welcome to your native Country.

Cler. Sir George, I thank you.

S. Geor. I but just now left th' *Exchange*, where I heard the agreeable News of your Arrival, and instantly set out to meet you at the *Tower*, where I was inform'd you landed.

Cler. That was my Landing-Place, indeed, Sir George; but I was impatient to see my Friends, and did not wait for any Refreshment, tho' I've been fatigu'd with a long and dangerous Passage.

S. Geor. Your safe Arrival will be joyful News indeed to *Celia*, to see the only Man she loves, after so many Affirmations of his Death.

K

Cler.

Cler. Poor *Celia*! I must own myself ungrateful not to enquire after her before! — She should have been my most early Care — I hope she's well, Sir George?

S. Geor. She will be soon, no Doubt, Mr. *Clerimont* — Grief has made a deep Impression on her Mind, but she'll mend a-pace, now the Physician's come.

Cler. If 'tis in my Power to contribute to *Celia*'s Happiness, she may command me in any Thing.

S. Geor. You was ever a Man of Honour, *Clerimont*, and I don't doubt it in the least — But let's go and take one Glass at *Pontac*'s, and then I will attend you to *Celia*, whom you will find big with Expectation to see you.

Cler. It mayn't be proper to go to her Father's House, Sir George.

S. Geor. Never doubt it, *Clerimont*; her Father's dead since you left *England*, and she's now Mistress of Five Thousand Pounds a Year.

Cler. *Celia*, without her Wealth, shall be ever welcome to me.

*Women may use a Thousand artful Charms,
To tempt unwary Mortals to their Arms;
But when Love's real, and with Virtue crown'd,
A Gem inestimable then is found:
Such is my Celia, who's devoid of Guile,
Attracts my Heart, and conquers with a Smile.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Libertina's House.

Lord Fashion and Phillis; George at a Distance.

L. Fash. [*Pressing to go forward to Libertina's Apartment*] Nay, nay, no Denial! 'tis as much as your Place is worth, Girl, to refuse your Mistress to me, split me! — Don't you know that she's always at Home, whenever I have done her the Honour to give a Visit — tho' she's deny'd to every body else? as *George* knows very well. [*Looking at George*] — What art Tongue-ty'd, Rascal?

Geor. Yes, yes, Mrs. *Phillis*, that's true enough; she's always at Home when I and my Master comes.

L. Fash. Your Mistress is a *Woman of Taste*, Child, and has too true a Sense of my Worth to slight my Company!

Geor. Ay, ay, my Master's a very fine Gentleman, that's certain.

Phil. I'm sorry, my Lord, I'm not to be believ'd, when I assure you, upon the Word of a Woman, she's gone to pay a Visit!

L. Fash. To whom, my pretty Fair One?

Phil. Mum! I thought it was counted ill Manners for fine Gentlemen to ask Questions!

Geor. [*Whispering his Master aside*] Half a Dozen Pieces, my Lord, perhaps may prevail on her, as it did with —

L. Fash. Enough, Rascal [*Puts his Hand in his Pocket, and takes out Money*] Looky' here, Mrs. *Phillis*; will not this do? — What say you now? — Don't refuse a good Offer — Let me but know where I may find your Mistress, and these are at your Service.

76 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Geor. Wou'd it were in my Power, I'd do't for
half the Money — A whole Year's Wages, by
Jupiter! [*Aside.*]

Phil. Lard, Sir! — You are so very civil.
[*Takes the Money.*]

A I R I. I had a pretty Laff, &c.

'Tis Gold that tempts the Statesman

His Country to betray,

With a Fal, lal, la, &c.

No Secret shall be hid, Sir,

So long as you will pay,

With a Fal, lal, la, &c.

My Mistress is a Lady,

And I might be so too,

Wou'd Men of Taste come daily,

And pay as well as you,

With a Fal, lal, la, &c.

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

Phil. Bless me! — My Lady, by the Knock!
— What must we do? —

L. Fash. Oh, let her in Child, let her in —
if she had come sooner now I had been six Pieces
in Pocket.

Phil. Let her in, Sir! — Lard! she'll think
strange Things! I wou'd not let her in for the
whole World —

L. Fash. Then to save you the Trouble, and
preserve your Word, I'll do't myself.

[*Opens the Door.*]

Enter

Enter Libertina in Dress a-la-mode.

L. Fash. Split me, Madam, if I'm not overjoy'd to see you! — Dear *Libertina* [*offering to embrace her, but she makes a faint Resistance*] for the sake of whose enchanting Company, I have just now left the Conversation of a Brace of the prettiest Ladies in the Universe, except the Person I've the Happiness at present to be in Company with [*Bowing low.*]

Lib. You compliment, my Lord! — But you fine Gentlemen take Delight in flattering our weak Sex.

L. Fash. Split me, Madam, if Flattery be my Talent; I love to be down-right, especially with the Fair Sex, by which Means I gain more Conquests, than e'er a flattering Coxcomb in Christendom.

Lib. O fie! my Lord, every Body knows we Women love Flattery too well, as is often experienc'd to our Cost.

L. Fash. That must be your very ignorant, unpolish'd Creatures! — such that a Man of Taste wou'd not think worthy of his Notice — Believe me, my dear *Libertina*, I have worm'd myself into the Favour of more Women of Merit, than any Man of Quality of 'em all.

Lib. You are a very engaging Gentleman, truly, my Lord!

L. Fash. Oh! dear Madam, you do me Honour indeed to say so! that is such an infallible Judge of a Man of Merit! — Split me, Child, if I did not make as easy a Conquest of Miss *Languish*, as some Men wou'd have done with a Lady's Woman, or a Chamber Jade!

Phil. [Aside.] A Coxcomb! —

Lib.

Lib. Oh, fie, my Lord! — I shou'd not have thought a Man of your Taste wou'd have boasted of a Woman's Favours.

*The Fair, by such vain Fops, are oft abus'd,
Their Virtue tarnish'd, and their Fame misus'd;
They boast of Favours, which they ne'er cou'd gain,
But Men of Sense such boasting Fops disdain.*

[*Exit Libertina hastily.*]

L. Fash. That was down-right Ill-natur'd, split me! — What a Passion she took herself away in! — Well, *Phillis*, this was a dear Bargain — But I don't value it of a Pinch of Snuff, Child — [*Looks at his Watch*] Past Three, rot me! about which Time I should have been in the Park to have met a ——— But she'll wait, I have engag'd her fast enough. — Well, *Phillis*, adieu — Let your Mistress know I purpose to honour her with my Company To-morrow, against which Time I desire she'll lay aside her ill Humours, otherwise she'll run the Hazard of never seeing me again. — Your Servant, Child.

[*Exeunt L. Fash. and George.*]

Phil. Well, were I a Woman of my Lady's Sense and Fortune, I shou'd hate such Coxcombs.

A I R II. In vain, dear *Chloe*, &c.

*How vain are all such Coxcombs Arts,
By which they think to conquer Hearts,
And win the Fair One's Charms:*

But

*But sure that Woman must be blind,
Who thinks such Fops were e'er design'd
To lye in Woman's Arms.*

AIR III. Dame of Honour.

*In good Queen Bess's golden Reign,
When Fops were not in Fashion,
For Trade nor Wealth did we complain,
This was a happy Nation;
But now our Taste is alter'd quite,
We far exceed our Neighbours,
And he that acts the Ape most bright,
Steals into the Ladies Favours.*

AIR IV. Oh! What Pleasures will abound.

*O fine Taste of London Town!
Who wou'd ever live a Clown?
O fine Cloaths, and powder'd Plates?
O the Beaux make comely Apes!
They're so pretty!
And so witty,
Nothing else will now go down:
O all true Sense,
Is a Nuisance,
To the Folks of London Town.*

[Bell rings, exit Phillis.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Libertina's House.**Libertina and Celia.*

Lib. O *Celia*! I'm almost sick to Death with the Coxcomb's Discourse! — In short, 'tis dangerous to trust such a Fop with one's Character, who is continually boasting of his Intrigues with Women, perhaps, that he had never a Moment's Conversation with in his Life!

Cel. They are a Scandal to all Mankind, and differ as much from the Man of Honour, as a common Harlot does from the most virtuous Woman upon Earth.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Now I'm pleas'd indeed, Cousin *Libertina*, to have the Opportunity of finding you in such good Company — *Celia* is innocent as a Dove, and is both capable of entertaining and instructing — She wou'd engage any one, except *Libertina* — But her Time is so much taken up with Coxcombs all Womankind ought to shun, that she has none to spend with those that most merit it.

Lib. You mistake, Cousin *Sylvia*! But Censure is become so common a Topick, that it would argue a Want of Taste to escape it; tho' the least guilty are generally most suspected, whilst the Censorious artfully conceal their own Follies from the Eyes of the World.

“ *As each is conscious of his own Disguise,*

“ *He views his Neighbour with more prying Eyes;*

“ *Pro.*

" *Prudent conceals himself, but seeks with Care,*
 " *What is his Neighbour's real Character.*

Enter Sir George.

S. *Geor.* Well met, Ladies! — I love to be the Messenger of good News; and I have such for thee, my *Celia*, as would revive e'en the last Remains of drooping Love, reconcile thee to a Tyrant Messenger, and make thee embrace with Ecstasy the Bearer, tho' an Enemy.

Cel. What means my Uncle!

S. *Geor.* When two united Hearts, noble, generous and free, like *Clerimont's* and yours, after a tedious and inhuman Separation, meet again with mutual Harmony, the Joy must sure be inexpressible!

Cel. Ha! — *Clerimont!* — That Name was ever welcome to my Ears 'till now, and chear'd with more than common Transport! — But, alas! [*Aside*] — *Clerimont!* said you, Sir? is he still alive?

S. *Geor.* Yes; and safe return'd with Honour, Wealth, and boundless Love for *Celia*.

Cel. [*Aside*] Oh! had this News but sooner reach'd my Ears! — then should I have been as happy as I am now wretched — I know not what Course to steer! — I own I love him still, but — I must trust to Fate; for I am plung'd in such a Labyrinth, that I know not how to extricate myself.

With troubled Mind oppress'd, and anxious Care,
Protect me, O ye Gods, from wild Despair.

32 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Lib. Then we may soon wish *Celia* Joy —

Syl. A Man of Honour, such as *Clerimont*, merits a Woman of *Celia*'s high Birth and Virtue. — Heavens protect her ! — She's strangely alter'd since she heard this News ! [*Celia trembles.*]

S. Geor. The sudden Joy has over-power'd her ! She'll soon recover, the Air will revive her ; we'll conduct her to my Coach, which waits at the Door, and beg your Attendance, Ladies, on this happy Occasion, that ye will be present when two of the most constant Lovers in the Universe meet together after a long Absence.

Lib. I'll spend some Hours with them, Sir *George*, but I'm engag'd to be present at the *Masquerade* To-night. [*They lead her off.*]

S C E N E IV.

Noise from within.

Enter Phillis hastily.

Phil. Ruin'd and undone ! what will become of me ?

Enter Tim.

Tim. Hey Day ! what's the Matter, *Phillis* ! —

Phil. Oh, dear *Tim*, I'm ruin'd and undone !

[*Running about the Stage in a Fright.*]

Tim. Dear *Tim* ! — Very good indeed ! — How fond she is of me now, and the other Day the worst Word in her Mouth was too good for me ! — But I always said, Every Dog has his Day, and this is mine — Egad I'll laugh at her — Why *Phillis*, *Phillis* ; thou behav'st like a mad Creature ! — Ha ! ha ! ha ? — May I never see

see *Christmas-day* again, if she does not act just as the Ladies do at your Play-houses! — Ha! ha! ha!

Phil. O you provoking Man, you, to laugh at a Woman in my unhappy Circumstances.

Tim. But to be down-right serious, now, *Phillis*, what may occasion all this?

Phil. O *Tim*! — [*Taking up the hind Part of her Gown*]. This cursed Tail of mine has been my Ruin!

Tim. Ha, ha, ha! — What Damage can thy Tail have done thee, *Phillis*? — Efaith now, I thought you always got by that! — Ha! ha! ha!

Phil. Aggravating Creature! — Did I serve you so, when the Parish Officers were after you for getting the Landlady's Daughter's Belly up at the Raven? Base Man! did not I manage Matters so nicely for you, that my Lady thought ne'er a Bit the worse of you?

Tim. 'Tis very true, *Phillis*; but how can I possibly serve you, if I don't know how Matters lie? — Come, come, *Phillis*; who was it? Who was it that has done this wicked Deed?

Phil. Myself! myself! — None but my own self, indeed *Tim*!

Tim. Well, I have heard that Woman is a Riddle, *Phillis*, and I think you are now going to make it out! Get her with Child! — Well, that is merry enough. [*Aside*] — This is worse than *Farranelli*! — Egad now, *Phillis*, if you'd be rul'd by me, I'd have you lay it upon our Parson; for he that will do one good Turn, will do another.

84 **THE CURIOSITY: OR,**

AIR V. Wou'd you have a young Virgin, &c.

*When a Woman's been sporting, as Phillis has done,
When her Belly grows plump, and her Face looks wan,
She bewails her sad Case, and is strangely, strangely
Tormented that e'er she knew Man :*

*But soon as 'tis over, the cunning Jadas,
Pack up to London, and pass for Maids,*

Demurely,

Securely,

With Cunning,

And Funning,

They oft put such Tricks on the London Blades.

Come, come, confess all, *Phillis*; there is no Harm done where a good Child is got, as the Saying is; ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Wou'd that were all, I shou'd not fear my Lady's Displeasure; but as it is, I must not look for Pardon; for running hastily along, this cursed Tail of mine caught hold of my Lady's Cabinet, overthrew it, and at one fatal Stroke destroy'd more China Curiosities than can be purchas'd again for Love or Money.

Tim. Was that all! — Why, *Phillis*, 'twas not worth a Minute's Uneasiness! — Indeed I was thinking of something else, you rav'd so much about your Tail.

Phil. Oh, dear *Tim*, 'tis not a Time for jesting. — 'Twill end with my Ruin, the Loss is so great, so many valuable Curiosities destroy'd, 'tis not to be repair'd.

Tim.

Tim. Well, *Phillis*, had as you make your Case, you may easily throw the Fault from your Door.

Phil. As how, dear *Tim*?

Tim. Will you be grateful, Mrs. *Phillis*, if I should help you out of this Dilemma?

Phil. You shall command me.

Tim. Why then in the first Place, Mrs. *Phillis*, I know you are acquainted with more of my Lady's Secrets, than she would care the World should know of——I'd try her a little that Way; she would put up with any Thing to have Matters hush'd——You take me?

Phil. Then I should loose my Reputation for ever, and never be trusted by a Lady again.

Tim. That was well consider'd; no Lady, as you say, would care to take a Servant that could not keep their Secrets——But let me see——let me see——Oh, at last I have hit the right Nail on the Head.

Phil. As how, dear Mr. *Timothy*?

Tim. Lay it upon *Chloe*, her favourite Lap-Dog, and the Affair is over at once——Say that the cursed Cat and he were at play together, and that will be sufficient to excuse any Thing.

Phil. Who wou'd have expected such a quick Turn of Thought from a Man of his Appearance? [*Aside*]——Dear *Tim*, you have hit on the only Thing in the World to get myself out of the Mischiefs, and in Return for this great Piece of Service, you shall never hereafter know the Want of the Keys of the Cellar.

Tim. Then this will be a happy Day indeed to me; and, dear Mrs. *Phillis*, if you please, I'll just now go and take Possession.

*I'll drink the best the Cellar will afford,
For which, no Doubt, you all will take my Word.*

[Bowing to the Audience.] Exeunt.

SCENE V.

St. James's Park.

Lord Fashion and Townly.

L. Fash. Oh! dear *Tom Townly*, such Variety of Adventures! Such pleasing Scenes! I've been almost distracted 'till I cou'd find you, that you might know how agreeably I have spent my Time since I saw you last.

Town. Thou art a happy Creature!—What new Conquest now?

L. Fash. Oh, dear *Townly*, Curse light on me if I can tell thee; for in short, my Conquests are almost universal—But the greatest Prize I can boast of is—I have conquer'd *Libertina*! Ha! ha! ha!

Town. Then you have shot a shy one indeed, my Lord; and need ne'er fear the Resistance of Woman again! Well! see the Difference of Men! I that have spent the greatest Part of my Fortune after Women, ne'er cou'd boast of half the Favours, as you that have follow'd them with Indifference.

L. Fash. 'Tis by that I conquer, *Townly*; for had you been present to have seen how ill-natur'd *Libertina* parted from me, you'd have curs'd yourself for ever being acquainted with her.

Town. I thought you were boasting of her Favours, my Lord!

L. Fash.

L. *Fash.* Favours, *Townly*! — Yes, I know the Flirt loves me to Distraction; but whether she does, or does not, the Odds is but trifling; for I value no Woman's Love above a Pinch of Snuff, split me.

Town. But I shou'd be glad to be inform'd, my Lord, how you know she loves you! — 'Tis a difficult Task to understand a Woman rightly.

L. *Fash.* Nothing easier, *Townly*; I know she loves me, because she dares not trust herself with me.

Town. How so, my Lord?

L. *Fash.* Because she burns already, and a little more of my Company wou'd put her all in a Flame.

A I R VI. Charms of *Floramell*, &c.

'Tis past the Fair One's Art,
To use our Sex severe,
Or hide a Flame sincere;
For shou'd they put on such a Part,
We know it comes not from the Heart.

Tho' they will oft seem coy,
To give us greater Pain,
And Tyrant like to reign;
Did Men but scorn their Arts and Charms,
They'd fly at once into our Arms.

To them Beau Dapper.

Town. Dear Dapper, I am your most obsequious, humble Servant — My Lord *Fashion* and I have been waiting for you a tedious Time!

Dapper.

Dap. I'm sorry for't, I protest, Gentlemen; I ask ten Thousand Pardons — But I have been in such engaging Company, rot me if I cou'd desert them.

L. Fash. You have been trying your Fortune, I suppose, 'Squire *Dapper*, with the Dice and the Ladies.

Dap. Aye, and what I have lost one Way, I have got another, my Lord; I have thrown away an odd Acre or two, 'tis true, but I'm universally applauded by the Ladies for a Man of a great deal of good Nature, and fine Parts — My Lord, and Mr. *Townly*! — D'ye see that delicate Piece of Temptation there — The little one I mean! *En son Disabille.*

[*Ladies seen as they pass at a Distance.*

How like a Prude she can look this Evening, tho' I had an Affair with her no longer ago than this very Morning — Well! I'm glad she happen'd not to fix an Eye on me, lest she shou'd have been fond of me before Company — But, my Lord, and Mr. *Townly*, I must take my Leave — 'Tis Masquerade Night, and I wou'd not be absent for the Universe.

L. Fash. We'll both attend you, 'Squire, but 'tis too soon yet.

Dap. 'Twill not be so proper, Gentlemen, for me to take Company To-night, because I have an Affination with *Libertina*, and I love to keep my Intrigues as secret as possible.

Town. Ha, ha, ha! — He's your Rival I find, my Lord!

[*To Lord Fashion.*

L. Fash. Split me, if she does not make a meer Jest of him, *Townly*! — He's a conceited Coxcomb, and perhaps she may take a Pleasure in laughing

laughing at him, which he vainly interprets as a Mark of Favour [*Aside*]. Did you ever receive any Favour, Sir, from *Libertina* [*to Dapper*] that you dare thus publicly blast her Reputation? — I shou'd have demanded Satisfaction, Sir, had any other Person but yourself have said half so much, split me!

Dap. You are warm, my Lord! — I believe Mr. *Townly* knows, I have been as free with the Lady's Person as your Lordship, tho' not half so much with her Character.

Town. Prithee, Gentlemen, no Words between Friends!

L. Fash. [*Putting his Hand on his Sword*] I am a Man of Honour, and will resent this Affront! — He that will not fight for a fine Lady, ought to be pink'd for a Coward — But I'll prevent your Affair with *Libertina*.

[*Exit in a Passion, and drops his Glove.*]

Town. I wish 'Squire this Affair does not end unhappily, for my Lord made his Exit in a great Passion, and withal has left a Challenge! — I'd have you spend the Evening with me, which in all Probability may prevent the ill Consequence of a Duel.

Dap. Ha! ha! ha! 'Tis a Sign, *Townly*, your Taste is very old-fashion'd to be afraid of that! — We fine Gentlemen may talk, 'tis true, but we very rarely come to Action.

A I R VII. Under the Green Wood Tree.

Dap. In vulgar Befs's ancient Days,

When bloody Swords were drawn,

M

Men

*The CURIOSITY: Or,
Men got their Deaths by various Frays,
But now such Tricks we scorn.
The Sword for Ornament's put on,
Without 'twou'd be forlorn;
To the Side 'tis plac'd,
By Men o' Taste,
Who hate it shou'd be drawn.*

*Town. Brave Britons once wou'd blasp to hear
Such Tales of gallant Men,
Who've oft made France and Spain to fear,
Tho' now they turn again.
Oh! were I once to rule the Roast,
With some few gallant Lords,
We'd act so wise,
To lay an Excise
On him that padlock'd Swords.*

Dap. I never knew before, that you were so bloody minded as to encourage Fighting, Townly—For my Part, I must own I abhor it.

Town. Among Friends, 'Squire, it shou'd by all means be avoided; but I think a Sword ill becomes a Man that wou'd not draw it in Defence of his Country.

Dap. I love my Country very well, Mr. Townly; but I was never cut out for a Hero—I take as much Pleasure in conquering a fine Lady, as your bullying Captains do in storming Towns for their Plunder—Who the Devil, in his Senses, would run the Hazard of a Ball, or a Thrust, which

which make no Distinction, but may as well take off a fine Gentleman, before he has spent half his Estate, as a poor Rascal, that has not Two-pence in his Pocket.

A I R VIII. What tho' I am a Country Lark,

Some Years ago I learn'd to fence,

Because it was the Fashion,

But now I've learnt, I have more Sense,

Than to draw in a Passion.

We Men o' Taste, avoid these Ills,

Such Actions don't become us,

We'd sooner pay our Tradesmens Bills,

Whenever they do dun us.

Town. If every one were of your Opinion, 'Squire, what wou'd become of us?

Dap. Oh, there are poor Devils enough in the World that have nothing to depend upon, and are glad to fight for Subsistence——Split me, if we have not stay'd 'till the spiteful Rain has overtaken us, and I'll venture my whole Estate there's not a Chair to be had in the Park. [*Puts his Handkerchief over his Wig*]——It comes upon us faster!

Town. You don't care to engage with neither Fire nor Water, I find, 'Squire!

Dap. Oh! *Townly*, this cruel Rain is such a mortal Enemy to our Wigs, I hate it!——Prithee let's mend our Pace.

[*Exeunt.*]

M 2

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

An Apartment in Sir George's House.

S. Geor. I must needs own *Celia's* Behaviour was something odd, Mr. *Clerimont*! — But I impute it to the great Surprize of meeting with such an unexpected Guest——

Cler. I hope no ill Consequences will ensue from what has happen'd, Sir *George*, and that we shall find her better To-morrow.

S. Geor. I hope so too, Mr. *Clerimont*, for both your Sakes——I wish my Niece no better Fortune, than to be match'd with a Man of your Merit.

Cler. You do me Honour, Sir *George*. [*Bowing.*]

S. Geor. 'Tis not Compliment, I assure you, Sir. —I value *Celia* for her Virtue, and know no Person more deserving of it than yourself——A Woman will never have Cause to repent the altering her Condition who meets with a *Clerimont*, nor the Man who joins a *Celia*——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [*To Sir George*] Sir, Supper's on the Table. [*Exit Serv.*]

S. Geor. Mr. *Clerimont*, Supper's serv'd, and the Company stay for us——To-night I'll engage you.

*To-morrow's Sun may the Fair's Ills remove,
When the soft Moments will be spent in Love.*

End of the First Act.



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

An Apartment in Libertina's House.

Tim and Phillis.

Tim, *yawning*.

HEY, ho! — Hey, ho! — Well, *Phillis*, in short, these ill Hours will intirely spoil my Constitution — Wou'd I'd taken up with a Country Gentleman's Service, and never had seen this *London Town*, then I'd been happy.

Phil. One wou'd think, *Tim*, that my Company wou'd keep you from — But I won't speak neither, lest you shou'd think me impertinent — Tho' I assure you, I have kept as clever a Man awake as you before now — I must shew all the good Humours I am Mistress of to this simple Fellow, purely for his Company, I'm so 'fraid of Spirits. [*Aside*]. — Well, if ever I'm a Lady's Woman again, after I leave my Mistress, may I die a Maid; we undergo such great Hardships in late Watchings, and keeping Secrets.

Tim. 'Tis very true, *Mrs. Phillis* — Hey, ho! [*Yawning*] But we shall have her home presently; 'twill soon be Four or Five o'Clock — Hey, ho! — A Curse on this Town, I say, it has quite turn'd me topsy-turvy, I think; for when 'tis Time to rise in my Country, we're going to Bed here.

A I R

A I R I. Oh, London is a fine Town, &c.

*Oh ! Masquerades are odious Things,
Where Ladies do resort,
And I wou'd have 'em soon put down,
Had I a Place at Court.*

*Oh ! fie upon our Quality !
They now are grown such Sinners,
That all their Wealth is thrown away
On ——— sad Italian Singers.*

Oh ! Masquerades, &c.

Phil. Nay, indeed, *Tim*, I must needs own, that 'twould be much for our Advantage, if such Things were entirely put down, for we live as easy again in the Summer Time when my Mistress is in the Country — We have but little Trouble then indeed — But hang it, when we are there, 'tis a long Way to Church.

Tim. True, *Mrs. Phillis* — But, for my Part, I cou'd put up with that very well ; for to the best of my Remembrance, we have not had the Trouble of attending my Lady thither but once since my old Master dy'd, which is now almost two Years since.

Phil. Nay, that's true, we have not been there often, tho' I can't take upon me to be so very particular as you are.

Tim. I don't love to be positive neither, *Mrs. Phillis*, but that I've so many Circumstances to prove what I say — You may remember, that
for

for twelve Months after my good old Master's Death, my Lady never enter'd the Church Doors; but as soon as the Year was up, I grant you she dress'd herself in rich Brocade and Satin, and gave us all the Trouble of going almost two Miles to hear a long Sermon, purely to shew herself, and our fine Liveries — By the same Token you may remember, that she attracted the Eyes of the whole Congregation; and likewise, in our Return Home, our Horses were so frightened by the hideous Braying of a Jack-Ass, that they ran away with the Coach, which, I believe, so terrify'd my Lady, that she has made an Oath never to venture to Church again.

Phil. Truly she goes no where now, as I know of, but among a Crew of Coxcombs, and to hear *Farranelli* sing — Indeed, *Tim*, I believe, between you and I, we shall neither of us have the Trouble of going down to my old Master's Seat again; for I heard it whisper'd, that my Lady was resolv'd to part with it, and live in Town altogether.

A I R II. Farewel, ye Hills and Vallies.

*Her Taste is strangely tainted,
 Beauty must be display'd,
 Soon as she's up she's painted,
 Then away to Masquerade.
 Of a rural Life she's tir'd,
 Which sweet Contentment brings,
 But ravish'd and inspir'd,
 When Farranelli sings.*

Tim. That was a very pretty Song indeed, Mrs. *Phillis* — But as for *Farranelli's* Singing, I can compare it to nothing better, than to *Chloe's* Howling when my Lady's not within to play with her.

[*Soft Musick heard from under the Window.*]

Phil. Hey day ! We're to be serenaded I find. [*Musick continues, and they both listen*] — Well, *Tim*, I must now thank you for your Company, and beg you to withdraw ; for I find by the Guests without, that the Masquerade is broke up, and we shall have my Lady home presently.

Tim. Just as I begin to be awake, now must I go to sleep ! — But 'tis the Fashion of this Town, and we Servants must comply with it.

Phil. I wish thee a good Morning's Repose, *Tim*.

Tim. Nay, nay, *Phillis*, I shan't leave such good Company as your's neither, 'till the very last Moment — 'Tis Time enough for me to go when the Chair comes to the Door.

A I R III. Round-ear'd Cap.

Dear Phillis, lovely Fair,
Thy Face, thy Shape and Air,
My very Soul ensnare — sincerely :
Each Glance sends forth a Dart,
Which wounds me to the Heart,
I feel the tingling Smart — severely.

Phil. Well, I'll swear I've made the poor Wretch so familiar, that he's grown fond of me, I find —

[*Aside.*]

A I R

AIR IV. Sweet, if you love me, come away, &c.

Tim, if you love me, leave me now,

Leave me now, leave me now,

Tim, &c.

Ah! do not stay — you vex me much,

My Lady's Temper — it is such,

She'll say we've been at —

You know what, you know what,

And that you've stole into — my Favour.

[Music heard from without, louder than before, with Singing.

Phil. Hey day! more Music! — Let us go into the Hall, Tim, where we shall hear them plainer.

Tim. With all my Heart, Mrs. Phillis. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Sylvia's House.

Syl. [A Knocking at the Door] Heavens! What means this hasty Knocking, so unusual at my Door at this late Hour!

Enter Libertina hastily.

Lib. Dear Sylvia, protect me from the Insults of audacious Ruffians! — Oh! I'm frightened almost to Death! — To be thus insulted in my own Chair, and in the open Street, is intolerable!

N

Syl.

Syl. What Russians, Cousin? — Who durst affront my *Libertina* thus? — Or what important Business cou'd engage you in the Street at Dead of Night?

Lib. Oh, *Sylvia*! coming from the dear delightful Masquerade, I was no sooner seated in my Chair, than a whole Troop of gaudy Villains, o'er-charg'd with Wine and Insolence, surrounded me; and pretending a former Knowledge of my Person, wou'd have forc'd me from my Servants, who, with much Difficulty, convey'd me here.

Syl. Ah, *Libertina*! that gay Disposition of yours will subject you to a Multitude of Inconveniences! — To be haunted from a Masquerade, and worried by Bullies, will not only prove disagreeable to the Ears of your Friends, but destructive to your Reputation — Well, for my Part, I can't conceive what real Pleasure you reap from your repeated Visits to Balls, Opera's, and Masquerades! — What Account can be given hereafter for all this lost Time, which might be more profitably employ'd in improving a defective Knowledge?

Lib. Heavens! — an Orator in Petticoats! — What a Copy of *Solomon* is here! — So then, it seems, you begin to despise those Pleasures you can no longer pursue, and finding all your Charms too weak to attract Admirers from Masquerades, Balls, and Opera's, you go to Church, I presume, to — improve a defective Knowledge, ha! ha! ha! — But, prithee *Sylvia*, what native Charm didst e'er neglect? What Artifice leave untry'd? Or what Desires did you not indulge, whilst any Hopes surviv'd of gaining Admirers?

Syl. I ne'er frequented Masquerades, *Libertina*.

Lib.

Lib. Perhaps not, *Sylvia* ; you had no Taste for those sublimer Pleasures ! it is common for us all to abstain from what we have no Taste for.

Syl. Then want of Taste secures many a Woman from Misery ; and, I dare say, many a Man from Cuckoldom ; for you gay Ladies can't be unkind to your Gallants sure, amidst these boasted Scenes of Bliss.

Lib. Believe me, *Sylvia*, you pious Dames that grunt away the Eve at Home, and groan beneath the Burden of the Day, will do't as soon — I know you Saints love long Prayers, and short Courtship.

Syl. O fie, *Libertina* ! — Why thou art insensible to every Thing but the Follies of Life, and seem'st regardless of Futurity, which is the most material Point ; for, alas ! what is Life ? A meer transient Breath — A few painful Days, and all is over — Ah, Cousin, when Time once spreads his hoary Pinions o'er your Head, and a few Wrinkles shall succeed that Bloom, your Reason will be a faithful Guide to point out that Calmness and Serenity of Mind which must for ever fix your Repose.

Lib. By Heavens, were I in any House but yours, I wou'd not bear this scurvy Lecture ! — I came here to seek a peaceful Refuge, but I find a new Tormentor ! — What ! because Life is short, must we therefore make it a constant Round of Misery ! — No, *Sylvia* ! I'll make the most of ev'ry Hour ; for ev'ry Moment, not bestow'd on Pleasure, is for ever lost — So, Cousin, your humble Servant ; I see it's Time that you retire to your Books, whilst I pursue the gay Delights of Balls, Plays, Opera's, and Masquerades.

*As flow'ry Meads their various Sweets produce,
 Each yielding Pleasure, yet each made for Use;
 So sweet Variety in these profuse we find,
 To sooth the Passions, yet instruct the Mind:
 And 'sight of all dull Morals of the Schools,
 Their rigid Tenets, and more rigid Rules,
 In the gay Round of Joys I'll spend my Days,
 Whilst Love my Care, and Pleasure is my Chase.*
 [Exit Libertina.

*Syl. I pity, from my Soul, this hapless Maid,
 Whose chief Delight is in a Masquerade;
 The Bane of Pleasure, Source of future Woe,
 To true Delight and Happiness a Foe:
 While she pursues imaginary Joy,
 My Time, in useful Studies, I'll employ.*
 [Exit Sylyia.

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter a Link-Boy.

Link-Boy. Chair ——— Chair ——— Chair ———
 Chair. [Exit.

Enter Lord Fashion and Beau Dapper.

Dap. Split me, my Lord, if 'tis not a Shame!
 — Since the vulgar Citizens have frequented the
 Masquerade so much, there is not a Chair to be
 had for us fine Gentlemen.

L. Fals.

L. Fash. We must e'en take up with a Hack, I fear, 'Squire.

Dap. Intolerable ! — That Men of our Quality shou'd be jolted home in a Conveniency, that is at ev'ry Scoundrel's Service for a Shilling !

Enter George.

Geor. No Luck, my Lord ! No Luck ! — I have been to ev'ry Place I can think of, and there's not a Chair to be had.

Dap. 'Tis Pity, my Lord, you did not come in your own Coach, that wou'd have been a thousand Times better than a Hack !

Geor. Then I must have drawn it — For I'm sure my Lord's Horses Heads are so swell'd, that they can't be got out of the Stable. [*Aside.*]

L. Fash. Cou'd you not light on *Griffis*, he's usually this Way in the Night ?

Geor. Yes, my Lord, to tell you the Truth, I did find him — But he humm'd and haw'd strangely, when he saw who I was — as much as to say — That is, he had rather carry some other Person, and directly took up a City Fare — I'm sure a Man need ne'er desire to take a lighter Person into his Chair, than your Lordship —

L. Fash. We must walk, split me ! — But I'll be even with the Rascals — Since the Citizens must be sedan'd about, we'll have double the Number of Chairs against next Season !

Dap. Ay, and make them pay more for their Figures besides — Better such Fellows starve, than we walk. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E I V.

*Libertina's Chamber.**Libertina sola.*

Lib. How wretched is my Case ! — I'm born to love, where Honour bids me not ! — O *Clairmont* is all Perfection ! — He's every Charm that e'er adorn'd his Sex ! — How despicable do all those Fops and Coxcombs appear, when compar'd to that God-like Man ! — From the first Time I fix'd my Eyes upon him, he has ever been the Object of my Thoughts — But I must struggle with myself, to drive him from me ; for should he ever encourage my dishonourable Love, what wou'd become of *Celia* ?

*Morpheus, thou God of Sleep, my Eye-lids bind,
And ease the Anguish of my troubled Mind ;
In soft and gentle Slumbers let me dream,
Forget the Man I love, and save my Fame.*

[*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

*Libertina's House.**Phillis (in an Undress) and James.**Jam.* Is your Lady stirring yet, Mrs. *Phillis* ?

Phil. Stirring ! — No, nor won't be this fix or seven Hours ; she's hardly got to sleep yet — I cou'd not imagine who this Messenger was, that must either see my Mistress, or speak with me — Pray, *James*, what's your Business ?

Jam.

Jam. Only to bring this Letter, which my Mistress order'd me to trust no one with but your Lady, or yourself. [*Gives the Letter to Phillis.*]

Phil. Very well; I'll take Care on't.

Jam. Mrs. *Phillis*, your Servant. [*Going, but turns back again*] I had like to have forgot the most material Part of my Errand!—

Phil. Pray what is that?

Jam. I must beg you not to fail delivering the Letter to your Lady directly. [*Exit James.*]

Phil. This Letter must contain something of Importance!—What can it be?—Well I am always so curious in these Particulars, that I have scarce ever Patience to let my Mistress know the Contents of her own Letters, before her humble Servant has perus'd them—'Tis carefully enclos'd! [*Opening the Letter*] very artificially put up indeed! but its fallen into as good a Hand to enclose it again without Discovery, as e'er a curious Gentleman belonging to the Post-Office. [*Reads to herself.*]—I'm surpris'd! surely my Eyes deceive me!—Well, I'll put it into its original Form, and instantly convey it to my Lady, who, 'tis my Opinion, will not think much of being disturb'd on this Occasion. [*Exit Phillis.*]

SCENE VI.

Sir George and Clerimont.

Cler. Suppose, *Sir George*, *Celia* was to retire into the Country—Don't her Physicians advise her to it?

S. Geor. Among other Things, they have recommended that as one—but they all seem to be Strangers to her Disorder, and indeed, very doubtful

ful of her Recovery — I would fain have persuaded her to embrace the Benefit of the Air, but she desires to continue in Town, and to be disturb'd by Company as little as possible.

Cler. I shou'd think Company wou'd be of great Service to a Lady in her melancholy Condition.

S. Geor. Your Company, no doubt, *Mr. Clerimont*, will do her more Good than all her Physicians.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Sir George, good Morning — how rested *Celia* last Night?

S. Geor. Madam, I doubt but very indifferently.

Syl. What say the Physicians?

S. Geor. In short, Madam, I believe they don't know what to say —

Syl. 'Tis a strange Case indeed!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Dr. Bolus, attended by Dr. Pill and Drop, are this Minute gone up Stairs to my Lady.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Syl. Sir George, I conjure you don't let Dr. Pill and Drop have any thing to do with *Celia* — He has kill'd more already, than a Plague wou'd have done in a Twelve-month.

S. Geor. You may be assur'd, Madam, nothing shall be done that wou'd prejudice her — If you please we'll go up Stairs, and hear what he says to her, however.

Syl. By all means, Sir George — *Mr. Clerimont*, shan't we have your Company?

Cler. I'm this Minute come from her, Madam, and going to take an Airing in the Park.

S. Geor.

S. Geor. You remember I've engag'd you at Dinner, Mr. *Clerimont*, and beg you'll order the Coachman to stop at *Libertina's* in your Return home, who has promis'd to spend the Afternoon with *Celia*——Perhaps Company may divert her, tho' she's not desirous of it.

Cler. Sir——[*Bowing.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

St. James's Park.

[*Company at a Distance.*]

Townly and Lord Fashion meeting.

Town. My Lord, good Morning——I'm surpriz'd to find your Lordship abroad so early.

L. Fash. Earnest Business, *Townly*, I assure you——'Tis nothing less than the Interest of *Farranelli*, that cou'd get me out in the fore Part of the Day——I've been stirring to serve him among the Beau Monde——Oh! he's a delightful Creature! and deserves Encouragement——Prithee, *Townly*, let me intreat you to stir in his Interest.

Town. I think, my Lord, I've serv'd him sufficiently already, by preventing the Duel last Night; for had your Lordship been either kill'd or wounded, he wou'd have lost a very great Benefactor.

L. Fash. Duel, *Townly*!——Split me, if I had not forgot it——I think I left the little Scoundrel with you——Pray what did he say for himself? Did not he own that he ought to be cudgell'd——As for my Part, I think he is not worthy of my Sword's Point; but the first Time I meet with him, I'll break his Head——Take away a Lady's Reputation, a Scoundrel!

To them Clerimont.

Town. Mr. *Clerimont*? Your humble Servant; you're welcome to *England* again.

Cler. Dear *Townly*, I thank you.

Town. I little thought of meeting so great a Stranger as you are, indeed, Sir — When did you arrive?

Cler. Yesterday.

L. Fash. Has the Gentleman been abroad, *Townly*?

Town. Yes, my Lord, above three Years.

L. Fash. I shou'd have long'd to come home before that Time, split me! — Pray, Sir, what Sort of Women have they abroad? [*To Clerimont.*]

Cler. There are divers Kinds, Sir; very handsome, and very ugly; very polite, and very ignorant.

L. Fash. I shou'd like to travel into Foreign Parts myself, but that there is no Dependance on Wind and Water.

Town. [*Aside*] So! — Here comes Beau Dapper. — Now we shall see how these fine Gentlemen will greet one another.

To them Beau Dapper.

Dap. Gentlemen, well met; my Lord, Your's, — Your's, Sir — Pray is not your Name — [*To Clerimont*] Split me, 'tis out of my Memory! — But I'm satisfy'd I've been in your Company. — When did you hear from your Father, Sir? And how does that intolerable Coquet, Miss *Moody*?

Cler. [*Aside*] What Coxcombs I've fell in Company with! — My Father's been dead these eight Years, Sir; and as for Miss *Moody*, I never was acquainted with any such Lady!

Dap.

Dap. Very good, split me! — The Gentleman wou'd make me believe, my Lord, he doesn't know her!

Town. How strangely my Lord and the 'Squire have made Matters up! *[Aside.]*

L. Fash. An't you for another Turn in the Mall, 'Squire?

Dap. With all my Heart, my Lord — *[Town. and Cler. talking]* Gentlemen, what say you — Here's abundance of fine Company.

Town. We'll follow, 'Squire. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VIII.

A Room in Libertina's House.

Tim and Phillis.

Tim. Well, *Phillis*, how came you off? — Did you tell the Lye with a good Face?

Phil. Wou'd it were over, for my Heart goes pit-a-pat!

Tim. Don't my Lady know then what broken Ware she's got in the House?

Phil. No; I durst not tell too soon, for she's always very ill-humour'd 'till after Breakfast — She has been dress'd near an Hour, I wonder she's not come down Stairs yet.

Tim. Oh! she's at Prayers, I suppose, poor Lady.

Phil. What shou'd she pray for? — Has she not as plentiful an Estate as Woman can desire?

Tim. Women want other Things besides Estates, *Phillis* — Perhaps she may be at Prayers for a Husband, ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Husband! — Women of Quality may have enough of them, without giving themselves

that Trouble——If she's at Prayers for any Thing, 'tis that there may be either Masquerades, or *Italian* Opera's, every Night in the Week.

Tim. I wonder she's up so early, considering what Time she came home this Morning!

Phil. She goes to Sir George's to Dinner To-day, that rais'd her so soon —— I expect Mr. *Clerimont* to call for her every Minute.

Tim. Mr. *Clerimont*! —— In the Name of Wonder, who may he be?

Phil. One that you'll know better by and by,
Tim.

Tim. Odds me! is our Lady going to marry? —— Well, for my Part, I'm glad on't, she'll be more settled then, and we shall have none of this Flaunting about, and late Hours.

Phil. At least 'till Honey-Moon is over; but when that's past, Women of Quality will have their Humours in spite of their Husbands.

A I R V. Free-Mason's Tune.

Our Ladies of Taste,

Think they are disgrac'd,

If they suffer my Lord to direct 'em;

He'll his Pleasure pursue,

And why mayn't she too?

For who is it dares to suspect 'em?

Tim. So! —— I must begone, for here comes my Lady. [Exit Tim.]

Enter Libertina, in a Passion.

Lib. What Monster of mine has done all this Mischief? —— The greatest Part of my fine China

is utterly destroy'd! — Let every one of my Servants be summon'd together this Minute, that I may be reveng'd on the Offender!

Phil. There is no Occasion for that, Madam; I know how — but I had rather take it upon myself than —

Lib. Yourself, Baggage! — [*Pinches her, and she cries out*] Let it be who it will, I'll turn 'em away, and give 'em a bad Character —

Phil. Indeed, Madam, it's not myself that's the Author of this Tragedy! but, were you to use me ever so ill, I wou'd not reveal the Party, without your Promise of Pardon.

Lib. The Wretch deserves no Mercy! — but, I require to know the Person, and the Circumstances; if it was not owing to downright Carelessness, I shall be more favourable.

Phil. Sweet little Creatures! — They thought no Harm — Poor *Tit* and *Chloe* were at play together so prettily! — Pray, my Lady, forgive 'em? — The poor Creatures were so frightened after they had done the Mischief, that they cou'd hardly get down a Bit of Supper last Night — I did threaten 'em indeed, tho' I lov'd 'em too well to strike 'em — But the dear Creatures look'd so dejected and pitiful, as much as to say (because your Ladyship was abroad) there was no one to take their Parts.

Lib. Poor dumb Things! — You're sure you did not strike them — Tho' they have done a trifling Damage, they did it innocently, and I willingly forgive them — 'Tis not worth mentioning.

Phil. Strike 'em, Madam! — No, indeed, I wou'd have cut my Hands off first; neither shou'd I have

110 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

I have let your Ladyship know how it happen'd, but that I was sure you wou'd have Pity on them — No, marry, I'd have run all Hazards, and have took it upon myself first.

Lib. You are a faithful Servant, *Phillis*; and for your Reward I'll never wear my new Night-Gown again.

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. Lady, your most obedient humble Servant.

Lib. Well, Mr. *Clerimont*, I protest you are a very punctual Gentleman! — You've kept your Time almost to a Minute. [*Looking on her Watch*] Sir *George* will not expect me so soon as this! — But pray how does *Celia*?

Cler. I fear but very indifferently — I left the Physicians with her while I took a Turn or two in the Park for the Benefit of the Air.

Lib. In the Park, Sir! — You met with abundance of fine Company there, no Doubt? But what is all the Company in the World to a Man in Mr. *Clerimont's* Circumstances, if the favourite *Celia* is absent?

Cler. I must needs own, Madam, *Celia's* Presence wou'd have made the Company much more agreeable.

Lib. Is there no Woman in the World, Sir, happy enough to partake of your Love but *Celia*?

Cler. Madam! — There are Women in the World, no Doubt, who deserve the Esteem of Men much better than myself — But *Celia's* all Perfection! — 'Tis not her Face, her Air, or Shape, that attract my Heart, nor the soft Graces sparkling in her Eyes; these are, I own, but meer external Beauties, subject to decay — I am ravish'd with the inward Dispositions of her Soul! —
a Soul,

a Soul, adorn'd with Innocence, and the strictest Virtue.

*These are the Beauties ev'ry Man shou'd prize,
And to such Charms my Heart I sacrifice.*

Lib. You merit every Virtue *Celia's* Mistress of
— Had I the Wealth of both the *Indies*, I wou'd
with no other Person to bestow it on than Mr.
Clerimont.

Cler. [*Aside*] What can this mean!

Lib. But I'm unworthy of his Love—

Cler. You have the next Place in my Affections
to *Celia*, I assure you, Madam— But 'twould be
dishonourable, ungenerous, and base, to slight her
virtuous Love, who merits more than I can give.

Lib. 'Tis an unspeakable Pleasure to me, Mr.
Clerimont, to think that you esteem me next to
Celia.

Cler. By Heavens! I wou'd prefer thee before
any of your Sex, except my *Celia* — But there
Honour and Gratitude bids—

Lib. Oh, 'tis enough—I'm satisfy'd — You
are a Man of Honour—but we must not be trust-
ed by ourselves, lest our Passions shou'd get the
better of our Reason! — Then what wou'd *Celia*
suffer!

Cler. I hope she'll never suffer by my means.

Lib. I hope so too—But human Nature's frail!
— We may indulge our Passions at *Celia's* Cost.

Cler. No! — Tho' I were ravish'd with your
Beauties, I wou'd stifle a Flame of such fatal Con-
sequence.

Lib. I commend your Virtue — Was't not for
Celia, I might be happy!

Cler.

Cler. By Heavens! you shou'd this Moment, were it in my Power to do it with Honour.

Lib. Nay, now you swear, I will discover all — Take that [*Gives him Celia's Letter.*]

Cler. Ha! *Celia's* Hand.

[*He reads.*]

Dear *Libertina*,

I Am in the utmost Confusion, and know not what will become of me without your friendly Assistance. I am sorry to tell you my Illness is only feign'd since Mr. Clerimont's Arrival, purely to prevent his expecting me to do that which is done already — What will you think of me, when I tell you I am marry'd to Sir Henry Trueman! — But who could have thought of seeing Mr. Clerimont again! — Dear *Libertina*, loose no Time, if you can do any thing to serve me; for I have received Advice that Sir Henry will be with me this Day about Noon, and declare our Marriage — I must trust you to excuse the unhappy *Celia* to her dear Clerimont, because 'tis a Task I can't take upon myself.

CELIA.

Cler. Generous Woman! — Well, Madam, I'm well satisfy'd this Letter came from *Celia's* Hand, and to shew how ready I am to do any thing that may contribute to her Satisfaction, I am this Minute at her dear Companion's Service, and would willingly have our Nuptials celebrated with the virtuous *Celia's*.

Lib. I hope, Mr. Clerimont, you'll excuse my Freedom with you, since you are acquainted with the Occasion — I must needs own, 'tis with abundance of Satisfaction I resign myself to a Man
of

of your Merit ! — There's my Hand, my Heart
you've got already ; do with me what you please.

*To Youth's gay Frolicks now I bid Adieu,
Strict Virtue's Paths determin'd to pursue ;
My future Time, I'll studiously improve,
My Duty shew, and manifest my Love.*

[He leads her off.]

Enter Phillis.

Phil. So ! — 'Tis a Match presently made up !
— But 'tis what I expected when I receiv'd the
Letter this Morning — Egad, I begin to like
Matrimony better and better every Day of my
Life ; and I believe her Ladyship's humble Servant
will soon follow her Example —.

A I R VI. *Jack Lattin.*

*How wretched is the Maiden's Fate,
O'er Man who has no Power ;
But I will wed, before too late,
Lest I miss the lucky Hour :
I'm in my Bloom,
I'll marry soon,
For my Hear is all on Fire,
And when I once have fix'd th' Noose,
Oh ! — How willing I'll retire.*

P

Enter

114 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Enter Tim.

Tim. There is something more than ordinary in Agitation, I'm sure *Phillis*! for our Lady and Mr. *Clément* are both gone together, and have sent *John* with some private Message to *Celia*.

Phil. There is something more than ordinary in Agitation indeed *Tim*, for we shall have a Master presently.

Tim. Hang me like a Dog, if I did not expect as much; Well, Mrs. *Phillis*, what say you to a good honest Man for your Husband — Let us follow my Lady's Example, Child.

Phil. Fie upon you, *Tim*! — Don't you know I have as good as promis'd Mr, *Splis-Plumb*! — You wou'd not have me so base to disappoint him?

Tim. Then he'll disappoint you, I'm sure, *Phillis*; for 'tis impossible a Man of seventy Years of Age shou'd answer the Expectation of a Girl who has never yet seen twenty.

A I R VII. *The Yorkshire Lady.*

*Indeed, Mrs. Phillis, if e'er you're his Bride,
The Wants of a Woman can ne'er be supply'd,
Unless some brisk Lover for him takes a Ride,
On your down, down, down, &c.*

Phil. Indeed, Mr. *Tim*, I must tell unto you,
*If that is the Case, as I believe you speak true,
There's nothing on Earth shall part us two,
But we will go down, down, down, &c.*

Tim.

Tim. *Then give me thy Hand, and you quickly shall know,*

The Strength of my Manhood, and what I can do,

We'll keep Time with our Betters, and merrily go

Up and down, up and down, derry, derry, &c.

Phil. *I give you my Hand, and my Heart with it too,*

But I beg of all Things that you'll ever prove true,

And when Madam is bedded, I'll see what you'll do,

When I'm down, down, down, &c.

Enter Sir George at one Door, Clerimont leading in Libertina at the other.

S. Geor. *Ha! may I trust my Eyes? — My Heart forebodes what I'm unwilling to believe [Aside] I expected to have been favour'd with your Company at Dinner!*

Cler. *Sir George shall soon —*

S. Geor. *No Excuse, Mr. Clerimont! — I imagin'd you had been a Man of the strictest Honour, but —*

Cler. *I shall never deviate from that Principle, Sir George! — To deal ingeniously with you, Libertina is now the Partner of my Heart, and the Priest has ty'd the Gordian Knot.*

116 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

S. Geor. Confusion ! — Is this a Principle of Honour ? — But you are a Traytor to Love in deserting *Celia* !

Cler. Had any Man but you, *Sir George*, spoke half so much —

Lib. Let me conjure you to have Patience, *Sir George* — You have accus'd Mr. *Clerimont* wrongfully ! — The Mystery shall be soon reveal'd.

Enter Sir Harry Trueman, leading in Celia.

S. Geor. What can this mean ! — More Wonders yet ! — I little thought, Niece, of seeing you here !

Cel. Your Astonishment, Uncle, will cease, when this Affair appears in its true Light.

S. Geor. *Celia* in Health ! and Joy in every Face ! — Heavens ! I'm confounded !

S. Harry. I hope, *Sir George*, you will excuse our private Union — The natural Timidity of Lovers made us negligent of your Consent. — But *Celia's* now the only Blessing of my Life ; the Nuptial Band has made our Views, our Wishes and Desires the same, and all my future Care shall be to make her Happiness compleat.

S. Geor. If Virtue was the chief Motive in all your Actions, my not being privy to them, I freely forgive — and wish you a full Possession of Happiness, large as your own Desires, and durable as Life.

A I R VIII. Lumps of Pudding, &c.

S. Geor. *By Bacchus and Venus let this Day be
crown'd,*

*Since each happy Couple together are bound ;
May their Love be as constant, their Flame
as sincere,*

*As young billing Turtles, throughout the
whole Year.*

S. Harry. *While Life does remain, we'll be true to
each other,*

*Nor mind what this Courtier, or Lord does,
or t'other ;*

*We'll scorn the vile Actions which some
Men pursue,*

*Who leave their Old Wives, and take up
with a — New !*

C H O R U S.

While Life does remain, &c.

[A Dance.



EPI.



EPILOGUE.

To be spoke by LIBERTINA.

REclaim'd I am, tho' forward I have been,
 But who can call my Forwardness a Sin?
 I saw my Error, chose the Man I lov'd;
 Perhaps you'll tell me, I too hasty prov'd:
 Supposing, Ladies, you were in my Place,
 And making what was mine, to be your Case,
 Which of you all wou'd not be glad to wed,
 And take the pleasing Bridegroom to your Bed?
 Receive him kindly in your circling Arms,
 And let him search for all your hidden Charms?
 Cupid regards not either Time or Place,
 Love's Charms are often found---beneath the Face.
 The little Archer often shoots us flying,
 And by that Means prevents our tedious Sighing.
 Censure me not, because in Haste I marry'd,
 For many Maidens often have miscarry'd.

Having thus spoken in my own Defence,
 The Author's Envoy I must now commence;
 Gallants, from you I do expect Applause,
 Clap heartily your Hands, support his Cause,
 To meet the best of ye I'll not then fear,
 And leave it to your Option, when, and where.
 But if you hiss, by all the Powers above,
 Burning with Rage, I shall a Fury prove;
 And most disdainfully will turn my Back,
 And give not one of ye a single---Smack.

*The Perplex'd Coquet.*

CHLOE, the vainest, ficklest Thing in Life,
Still lives unwed, but longs to be a Wife!
Trys e'ery Art, and summons all her Charms,
To enslave Mankind, and win 'em to her Arms:
Lets loose her Tresses, e'ery Female Wile,
Her Frowns are Fetters, Happiness a Smile.
Thus she goes on, and thus undoes Mankind,
In Conquest triumphs, where she meets the Blind:
But Men of Sense, who Coquet Arts despise,
Shun the false Fair, for one more just, more wise.

Here shift th' Scene; Perplexities abound,
Inconstant *Chloe* wou'd for ever wound.

Young *Portio* once for *Chloe*'d great Respect,
Which she return'd with Scorn, and cold Neglect:
This he perceiv'd — and (to her great Distraction)
Flew to *Malinda*, who is all Perfection;
And judg'd too well, to 'buse the Man of Merit,
By a malignant, monst'rous, Coquet Spirit:
She yields to *Portio* — *Portio* hugs his Fair,
Well pleas'd he miss'd th' flutt'ring Coquet's Snare.

Chloe enrag'd, now sees her Follies past,
Which shews the Coquet may be caught at last.



*A New and Accurate Translation of
BASIA: Or, The Pleasures of
Kissing.*

K I S S I.

VENUS, when in the sweet *Idalian* Shade,
A Vi'let Bed for young *Ascanius* made;
Their rip'ning Gems th' obedient Roses bow'd,
And hid his Beauties with a Damask Cloud;
While the fair Goddess, with a gentle Show'r
Of Nectar'd Dews, perfum'd the joyful Bow'r.

Of Sight insatiate, she devours his Charms,
'Till her soft Breast re-kindled Ardor warms;
Fresh Joys tumultuous in her Bosom roll,
And all *Adonis* rushes on her Soul.

Inraptur'd with each dear-resembling Grace,
She cries, "*Adonis!*—*sure I see thy Face!*
Then stoops t' embrace th' beauteous Form, but
dreads,

He'd wake too soon, and then a Sigh succeeds.
Yet, fix'd with silent Rapture, stands to gaze;
Kissing each fragrant Bud that round him plays.
Swell'd with her Touch, each animated Rose
Expands; and strait with warmer Purple glows:

Where

Where infant *Kisses* bloom, a balmy Store !
Redoubling all the Bliss she felt before.

Sudden, her Swans career along the Skies,
And o'er the Globe the fair Celestial flies.
Then as where *Ceres* pass'd, the teeming Plain
Yellow'd, with waving Crops of golden Grain ;
So, fruitful *Kisses* fell were *Venus* flew,
And by the Pow'r of genial Magic grew
A plenteous Harvest ! which she deign'd t' impart
To sooth an agonizing, love-sick Heart.

All hail, ye Roseat *Kisses* ! who remove
Our Cares, and 'bate th' Calentures of Love.
Lo ! I, your Poet, in harmonious Lays,
Bless you kind Pow'r ; enamour'd of your Praise :
Lays ! form'd to last, 'till env'ous Time invades
The Muses Hill, and withers all their Shade.
Rais'd from the Guardian * of the Roman Name,
In Roman Numbers live, secure of Fame.

K I S S II.

J U S T as th' young enamour'd Vine
Round her Elms delights to twine ;
Or, as th' clasping Ivy throws
Round the Oak her wanton Boughs :
So close, expanding of thy Charms,
Rap me, *Neera*, in thy Arms !

* *Venus.*

Q

Nearer,

Nearer, *Neæra*, cou'd it be,
Wou'd my fond Arms incircle thee.

The jovial Friend shall tempt in vain,
With Humour, Wit, and brisk Champaigne ;
In vain shall Nature call for Sleep ;
We'll Love's eternal Vigils keep.
Thus, thus for ever let us lie ;
Dissolving in Excess of Joy ;
'Till Fate shall, with a single Dart,
Transfix the Pair it cannot part.

Thus match'd, we'll fleet like *Venus'* Doves,
And seek the blest *Elysian* Groves,
Where Spring in blooming Triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyful Plains.
There, Lovers of Heroic Name,
Revive their long-extinguish'd Flame ;
And o'er the pleasant Vale advance,
In sparkling Pomp to form the Dance ;
Or sing of Love and gay Desire,
Responsive to the warbling Lyre ;
Reclining-soft in blissful Bow'rs,
Purpled-sweet with fragrant Flowers :
And cover'd with a silken Shade
Of Laurel (mixt with Myrtle) made ;
Where, shining in immortal Bloom,
The Musk-Rose scents the verdant Gloom :
Thro' which the whisp'ring Zephyrs fly
Softer than the Virgin's Sigh.

When

When we come near those blest Retreats,
 Th' Assembly strait will leave their Seats:
 Inspired with the matchless Pair,
 So fond the Youth, the Nymph so fair!
 Daughters and Mistresses to *Jove*,
 By *Homer* fam'd of old for Love;
 In Homage to thy matchless Grace,
 Will give Preheminence of Place.
Helen herself will soon agree
 To rise, and yield her Rank to thee.

K I S S I I I.

I Cry'd, one tender Kiss, sweet blooming Maid,
 When on my Lips her Lips *Neæra* laid.
 But, just prepar'd the promis'd Sweets to take,
 Lo! strait her nimble Lips my Lips forsake.
 Quick! as when starting back, in wild Surprise,
 The new trod Snake th' unwary Trav'ler flies.
 But now, my eager Passion to allay,
 Compleat, sweet lovely Maid, the am'rous Play,
 This was to mock, my Life, not scant the Bliss;
 This gave a Thirst of *Kissing*, but no *Kiss*.

K I S S I V.

'TIS not *Kisses* thy fond Lips diffuse;
 But Nectar'd Sweets! Ambrosial Dews!
 Sweets! that can raise the Soul from Death!
 Such! as not Thyme, with balmy Breath;

Such! as not Nard, in spicy Gales;
 Such! as not Cinnamon exhales!
 Such! as ev'n Virgin Stores excel!
 Which, labouring Bees, in waxen Cell,
 Beneath their Osier Roof distil;
 Drawn from *Hymettus*'s fragrant Hill;
 Or gather'd in *Cecropian* Bower,
 Where blooms the Rose, celestial Flower.
 Not *Kisses* thy fond Lips diffuse;
 But Nectar'd Sweets! Ambrosial Dews!

These, if thus lavish you bestow;
 Sudden shall immortal grow!
 Sudden! to Gods, exalted rise,
 And share the Banquets of the Skies!

Then, ah, forbear, sweet Maid, forbear!
 Spare, for my sake, thy Bounty spare!
 Or, thou thyself immortal grow!
 For without thee, *Neera*, know;
 Ev'n to the Gods I wou'd not rise,
 Nor share the Banquets of the Skies:
 No; not!—tho' all the Powers above;
 The Daughters and the Wives of *Jove*;
 Wou'd my superior God-head own;
 And fix me on the starry Throne.

K I S S V

YOU, when profuse of heav'nly Charms,
About me throw't those tender Arms ;
And with that Neck, which lovely twines ;
And with that Breast, which soft declines ;
And with that sweet, bewitching Face ;
Hang on me thus, in fond Embrace.

When you, those amorous Lips of thine,
Fit't to these amorous Lips of mine ;
Those Lips ! that thus, in rapt'rous Bliss,
Both give and take the wounding Kiss —
Both give and take the trembling Dart —
Sweet Play ! soft-thrilling to the Heart !
Or, when thy Soul, or mine possess,
My Life draws from my glowing Breast :
My Life ! which burning Heats destroy !
Scorch'd with Excess of fiercest Joy !

Or, when thy Soul calls mine from Death ;
And wafts fresh Life with humid Breath :
That Breath ! which vital Air respires !
And kindly cools my raging Fires !

Then, dear *Neera*, thus I cry :
(Then ! as 'twixt Death and Life I lie)

“ Love is a Pow'r, all Powers above !

“ There is no greater Pow'r than Love !

“ Or, if a greater we allow ;

“ Greater than Love — That Pow'r art Thou !

K I S S

K I S S VI.

KISSES two thousand (in Exchange of Hearts)
As soft and sweet as mutual Love imparts:
Of mutual Faith, the Terms we jointly make,
I give one Thousand, and one Thousand take!
Fairly you paid the Number, gracious Maid!
Were Love, by any Number, fairly paid!
But Love, alas! to Number never yields!
The Blades, who numbers, of well-water'd Fields!
Who, *Queen of Plenty*, that extols thy Praise,
Intreats thee, *Ceres*, number'd Ears to raise?
Who, *Bacchus*, that thy pleasing Pow'r adores,
An hundred Clusters servilely implores?
Who, *Pales*, that thy bounteous Aid demands,
Lifts for a thousand Bees vain suppliant Hands?
When *Jove* descends in Floods of Genial Rains,
Who counts the Drops that cheer the thirsty Plains?
Or, when the God assumes severer Arms;
With driving Winds the troubled Air alarms;
And Icy Bolts, o'er Earth, o'er Ocean pours;
Computes the Fragments of the rat'ling Show'rs?
All Things that fall to Mortals from the Skies,
Ætherial Gifts! to Infinite arise.
Whether auspicious, or averse, they prove;
A Majesty that suits the House of *Jove*!

Then

Then why, bright Goddess! — (for that heav'nly
Face

Speaks thee a Goddess of Celestial Race ;
Speaks thee ev'n her in Beauty to excel,
Who roams o'er the vast Deeps with vagrant SheN)
Why so exact, thy Attributes Divine,
Kisses to bounded Numbers to confine ?
Yet Cruel, number not my ceaseless Sighs !
Nor Tears for ever trickling from my Eyes !
Number, at Will, for ev'ry Tear a Kiss ;
But number not, without the Pain, the Bliss :
Or give, to ease my Doubts, and lay my Fears,
Kisses un-number'd, for un-number'd Tears.

K I S S VII.

KISSES, in Rapture uncontroul'd,
An Hundred by an Hundred told ;
An Hundred, yet too scanty Store,
Told by an ample Thousand o'er —
A Thousand, yet, e'er I refrain,
Told by a Thousand o'er again —
As many Thousands as before,
Told by as many Thousands more,
As are the Drops that fill the Main,
Or Stars that gild th' Ætherial Plain —
All these, and Millions yet untold —
While thee, thus closely, I unfold ;

Closely,

128 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Closely, I'll give these rosy Cheeks!
 This Lip that swells! this Eye that speaks!
 As fondly clasping, Arms in Arms,
 Thy Lover thus devours thy Charms,
 And reaping *Kisses* now he seeks,
 Those Fields of Roses! blooming Cheeks!
 Now, to those Lips, soft-swelling lies!
 Now, to those sweetly speaking Eyes!
 In vain thy restless Lover seeks
 To view those rosy-blooming Cheeks!
 Nor rosy-blooming Cheeks he spies,
 Nor swelling Lips, nor speaking Eyes;
 Nor yet that Look of pleasing Smiles!
 That Look! which all his Cares beguiles!
 That Look! which (as the God of Day
 Chafes the gath'ring Clouds away,
 When thro' mid *Æther*, mildly bright,
 He guides the lucid Steeds of Light,
 Dispels the Shades, corrects the Storms,
 And all the Face of Heav'n reforms)
 Still beaming-soft, with golden Rays,
 The Tumults of his Soul allays;
 Drives from his Eyes all mournful Tears,
 Drives from his Thoughts all gloomy Fears.

What jealous Wars, the while, arise,
 Sweet Maid! between my Lips and Eyes!
 While to possess thee, all entire,
 Now these, now those, by turns aspire!

How

How shall I think to share thy Love?
 How bear a Rival, ev'n of *Jove*?
 When scarce my Eyes thy Beauties share!
 And scarce my Lips for Rivals bear!

K I S S VIII.

WITH what Folly ill-betray'd,
 Witless Creature! thoughtless Maid!

With what madding Fury stung,
 Could'st thou hurt this harmless Tongue?

Sped by thee, because no Dart
 Errs from my unguarded Heart;
 Seems such Ill, not Art can cure,
 Such! so pleasant to endure!

That, new Weapons to destroy,
 On this Tongue thou should'st employ?
 Tongue! that wont with Suns that rise;
 Wont, with Suns that quit the Skies!
 Thro' sad Nights, thro' tedious Days;
 Tongue! ever wont to sing thy Praise!

This is he, the faithful Tongue,
 That so oft thy Praises sung!
 Sung! those Locks of easy Flow!
 Sang! those Breasts of Virgin Snow!
 Sung! that Neck, which lovely twines!
 Sung! that Eye, which wanton shines!
 Sung! in such harmonious Lays,
 As to Heav'n *Negara* raise;

R

Far

130 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Far beyond the Fires of *Jove*!

Envy of all Gods above!

This! that sung thee, my Delight,

Thee! sole Pleasure of my Sight!

Thee! sole Rapture of my Heart!

Thee! my Soul's far better Part!

Thee! my Passion! Thee! my Love!

Thee! my Turtle! Thee! my Dove!

Sung! in such harmonious Lays,

As to Heav'n *Neæra* raise;

Envy of the Gods above!

Envy of *Venus*, as of *Jove*!

Say; or hence proceeds thy Pride!

(Apt in Beauty to confide!)

Hence thy Pow'r! (tyrannic Fair!)

That he stoops those Wrongs to bear.

By no Insult mov'd, or Pain,

From thy Praises to abstain.

Still extolling to the Skies,

Those delicious Lips and Eyes!

Ev'n those Teeth, ill-govern'd Arms!

Wanton Authors of his Harms!

Stamm'ring 'midst his bleeding Wounds,

Still he sings in broken Sounds!

Apt in Beauty to confide!

Fair Tyrant! hence thy Pow'r and Pride.

K I S S IX.

KISS me not still, nor be still smiling,
Always fond, and always willing ;
Sweetly speaking, softly sighing,
Ever on my Bosom lying !
All Things have their certain Measure ;
Narrow Bounds are fix'd to Pleasure.
Whate'er affects with most Delight,
Soonest clogs the Appetite.

When I for thrice three Kisses sue,
Take sev'n away, and grant but two ;
Yet neither long, nor balmy neither ;
Such as the Virgin gives her Father !
And chaste as those that are bestow'd
By *Cynthia* on her Brother-God !
Then start from me, in wanton Play,
And trip, with swimming Pace away ;
Into some secret Corner fly,
And hide in Darkness from my Eye.

Your Steps thro' Darkness will I trace,
And search the most retired Place.
Like some proud Victor I will lay
My eager Hands upon my Prey.
I'll tofs, and towze, and rife you,
As Hawks the tim'rous Turtle do.

You, your humble Hands shall rear ;
Submissive, beg me to forbear ;

132 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

And hope sev'n *Kisses* may engage
My easy Heart, and bribe my Rage.

In vain!——You sev'n times sev'n shall give,
To win my Grace, poor Fugitive!
My Arms around that Neck in-twin'd,
Shall all the while my Captive bind.

When, paid the Price, I loose my Arms,
Then shall you swear by all your Charms,
If this Way I resent such Crimes,
You'd play the Trick a thousand times!

K I S S X.

Certain no *Kiss* one certain Way repeat,
Thus try'd, the Sweetest ceases to be sweet.
For as moist *Kisses* thrill the yielding Blood,
With humid Lips on humid Lips bestow'd;
So warmer *Kisses* warmer Joys inspire,
And the rapt Soul with madding Transport fire.
Not less Delight, to *kiss* fond——rolling Eyes,
And view the Authors of our Tears and Sighs;
Or, as to the lov'd Neck or Cheek we cling
In am'rous Trance, see fresher Roses spring;
And tell-tale Signs, by wanton Teeth impress,
On snow-white Shoulder rise, or snow-white Breast.
From trembling Lips to change the trembling Darts;
And mutual Souls im-mix from mutual Hearts:
While Love lies panting for a Gasp of Breath,
Now! now! just struggling betwixt Life and Death!
Me,

Me, charm all Pleasures of the tender Sport ;
Kisses! or quick, or slow ! or long, or short !
 (Sweet Mixture ! tedious Langor to relieve !)
 Whether I give, or whether I receive.
 Such as you get, — return not, charming Maid !
 Let either summon artful Change to Aid :
 And who the first unvary'd *Kiss* applies,
 Attend this Judgment, with submissive Eyes :
 “ As many *Kisses* as were told before ;
 “ As Either offer'd, and as Either bore ;
 “ The vanquish'd Lover to the Victor pays
 “ So many *Kisses*, told so many Ways.

On Kissing.

Lycinna scorns my *Kisses!* they are chaste !
 Enerv'd I seem in her experienc'd Taste.
 And *Ælia* call me, “ *Bard with languid Strings,*”
 She that to Love in Streets her Off'rings brings.
 Perhaps, my utmost Strength they seek to know !
 And Vigor prove ! — Go ! hateful Wantons, go !
 My Strength, my Vigor, long despair to find,
 For you these *Kisses* never were design'd !
 Never for you were these soft Measures wrought !
 Read me, ye tender Brides of Boys untaught !
 Read me, of Brides untaught, ye tender Boys !
 Yet new to *Venus* sweetly-varying Joys !

Remarks



*Remarks on the Farce, call'd, The
Honest Yorkshire-Man.*

I Must entreat the Gentleman (or Gentlemen) who required this Subject, not to expect me to treat it as a Critic, but only to point out the most glaring Errors, as well as Beauties of the Author. In the 12^{mo} Edition, printed in 1736, in the first Page of the Preface, Line 13th, the Author very imprudently says, *when it was too late to carry to any other House*; he means, when it was too late to bring it on any other Stage: Indeed he may say, every one will understand his Meaning; but in this Case I must ask his Pardon, because it is not sufficient for a Public Writer to write so as barely to be understood. Page 2. of the Preface, this Author makes it appear, it was not *too late to carry to any other House* (to make use of his own Words) for he says, “ I cannot conclude this Ap-
“ peal without acknowledging my grateful Sense
“ of Mr. Giffard’s * Civility, in accepting this
“ Farce, even after his Partner † had refused it.

But to come to the Farce itself. After the first Air, *Arbella* says to *Combrush* (her Waiting Maid)
No News from Gaylove yet?
Comb. *Not a Tittle, Ma’am.*

Arb.

* *Master of Goodman’s-Fields Play-house.*

† *Meaning Squire Fleetwood, Master of Drury-Lane Play-house.*

Arb. *It quite distracts me.*

Comb. *And every Body else, Ma'am ; for when you are out of Humour, one may as well be out of the World. Well ! this Love is a strange Thing ; when once it gets Possession of a young Lady's Heart, it turns her Head quite topsy-turvy, and makes her out of Humour with every Body — I'm sure I have Reason to say so. [Fine Discourse this from a Servant to a young Lady!**

Arb. *Prithee leave your Nonsense, and tell me something of Gaylove.*

Comb. *All I can tell you, Ma'am, is, That he is stark staring mad for Love of you. But this confounded Uncle of yours ——— [She knew nothing of him in Page 11.*

Arb. *What of him ?*

Comb. *Has just receiv'd News of the Arrival of a rich Country 'Squire out of Yorkshire ; which Country 'Squire is cut out for your Husband.*

Arb. *They that cut a Husband out for me, shall cut him out of better Stuff, I assure you. [Tis surprizing Arbella shou'd know what Stuff (as the Author is pleas'd to term it) he was made up of, before she had seen him!*

In the next Scene, Page 13. *Gaylove* and *Slango* (Master and Man) are as familiar as the young Lady and her Chamber-Maid. Indeed they vary in Sentiments presently after, as may be seen by *Slango's* Imprudence in singing the Song to *Gaylove*, taken from *Mr. Worsdale's Cure for a Scold*, which begins thus :

Whoe'er to a Wife, &c.

Is link'd, for his Life, &c.

To

* See Page 13. of this Book.

To which *Gaylove* answers, *I am now of a contrary Opinion* — &c. and directly sings the following Song, in Opposition to *Slango's*.

*That Man who for Life,
Is blest'd in a Wife, &c.*

For my Part I am surpriz'd at our modern Race of Stage Writers, who make it their principal Aim to render their Works unnatural — Can any Man suppose such Freedoms ever pass'd between Gentlemen, Ladies, &c. and their Servants? And if such Things are not common, the Author is certainly guilty of writing in an unnatural Way, which is the greatest Error any Dramatic Writer can fall into. But, as I am desir'd to look into this Farce, I must entreat the Reader's Patience for a-while, tho' I'm well assured it can entertain no one; it being the most insipid Performance I ever read, stuff'd out with nothing but Bombast and Nonsense.

In Page 16, *Blunder* says to *Sapscull*, his Master, *Ay, Master, this is nought to what you'll see an by;* and presently after tells him of all the Curiosities in Art and Nature that are to be met with in *London* — I think *Blunder* is a wrong Name for a Man that knows so much of a Place he was never in before. And, indeed, I shou'd not have judg'd 'Squire *Sapscull* to have been such an Ideot, as the Author has made him appear, had I only heard him sing the Song, *O London is a dainty Place, &c.* in which the learned Author has at once acquainted him with the State of our Beaus, Ladies, Actors, &c.

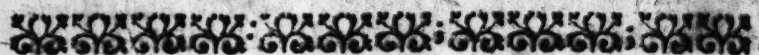
As this Farce is so wretchedly insipid, I shall only take Notice of one Scene more, and leave this
unnatural

unnatural Writer to himself. Pag. 18. *Gaylove* (disguis'd as *Muckworm*) meets *Sapscull* and *Blunder* in the Street — He bids 'em Welcome to London, &c. — tells them he had Letters of their coming, and was resolv'd to meet them — He enquires after their Letters, Credentials, &c. (the Scene in the Street all this while) on which the Country 'Squire orders his Man *Blunder* to lay down his Portmantua, and give this Gentleman in Disguise, the Deeds, Writings, Marriage-Settlements, &c. This is a most extraordinary Scene indeed to be laid in the Street, and for which the Author ought to be for ever recorded. As to the Beauties of this Piece, they are hard to find; tho' I cannot deny but the Songs are far the best Part of the Work, particularly that in Pag. 22, which begins thus :

Love's a gentle generous Passion, &c.

But as I am well assured I have seen it long before the Publication of the Farce, I can no more take upon me to say whether it was wrote by the Author of the Farce, than I can tell which of the Characters the Author is pleas'd to call the *Honest Yorkshire-Man*.





The Reform'd Rake.

AN EPISTLE from TOWNLY to RAKISH.

Wrote for the Honour of the Fair Sex.

*Attend, ye Fair; observe the Poet makes,
The best of Husbands, of the worst of Rakes.*

Nec luisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum. HOR.

*Once to be wild is no such foul Disgrace,
But 'tis so still to run the frantic Race.*

TO You, Tom Rakish, Townly sends these Lines,
And hopes you'll join him in his new Designs;

Shun ev'ry Vice, that strongly we've pursu'd;
Subdue those Passions, which ourselves subdu'd.
Adieu, false Joys; follow what's good and great,
Unhappy is th' Man, who's wife too late;
Shun the false Fair, who, with ensnaring Wiles,
Wins by false Friendship, and deceives by Smiles;
Adieu to Careless, Talboth, King, and Cox*,
Who've drain'd our Fortunes, but to give th' P—!

Adieu

* *The most noted Women of the Town.*

Adieu to all th' var'ous Store of Ills,
 St. *Thomas* * cures, and *Covent-Garden* † feels :
 Follow these Maxims ; Virtue's Paths pursue ;
 " The Fair to Honour and to Virtue true,
 " Just to herself, will ne'er prove false to you. }

Believe me, my Friend, I by Experience find,
 I knew no Joy, 'till to my *Celia* join'd ;
 In whom all Pleasures meet, Beauty without Art,
 Whose Looks Good-nature, Words good Sense
 impart ;

In her——

Happy I live ; the Hours pleasant glide ;
 None wou'd e'er rake, who's match'd to such a Bride ;
 And tho' the Marriage State's th' Coxcomb's Jest,
 Believe me, dear *Rakish*, it is far th' best.

But say, my Friend, can any Pleasure rise,
 From mid-night Harlots, or his Lordship's Dice ‡ ?
 No——as one's Embraces robs him of his Health,
 The Herd of Sharpers drain away his Wealth.
 Thus have I seen an Heir to great Estate,
 Curse Dice and Women for his wretched Fate.

View but my State, my Happiness compare
 With those who rake, who rove from Fair to Fair.
 You'll see my Ease, your monstrous Pain,
 Take my Advice, and never rake again.

S 2

A young

* *An Hospital nam'd after that Saint.*

† *A Place remarkable for lewd Women.*

‡ *Lord M——n, who keeps a public Gaming-house.*



A young Student of Magdalen College, Cambridge, having cut off the Ears of a Setting Dog, belonging to Dr. B——, of T——y College; the Dr. demanded so much Money for Satisfaction, that the Student thought proper to acquaint his Tutor, Mr. Jo——n, with it, and desired him to wait upon the Doctor, which he did, and the following Verses were the Substance of their Interview. Spoken at a Tripus there, before the whole University.

S I R,

I'VE a Pupil——Well, draw near——
 That cut off——True, Sir, my Dog's Ear——
 Pray, Sir, forbear, let me go on ——
 You can't defend him——Come, sit down——
 Nay, Sir, I don't approve the Action,
 But come to make you Satisfaction——
 Why then, Sir, you must understand
 Five Guineas Damage I demand——
 Five Guineas, Doctor, for one Ear!
 For both your own 'twould be too dear;
 Besides, to insist on Money's mean——
 The Dog, before, was worth fifteen;
 Whereas, poor Brute, as I'm alive,
 I scarce could sell him, now, for five;

For

For who d'ye think would be prevail'd
Upon, to buy a Dog curtail'd? —
Sir, with Submission, I suppose
The Loss of Ear can't spoil his Nose;
Or, what is more, if I judge right,
His Ranging's not affected by't —
'Tis true; but Sportsmen, you must know,
Value not only Use, but Show;
In both which always I excell'd,
For finer ne'er appear'd in Field;
Or where's the Man, throughout th' Nation,
Sells Dogs of better Education?
— Few, I confess, Sir, have been longer
Than you, a Puppy-pupil-monger.
But, Doctor, come, let's have no more;
The Lad, I do assure you's poor;
I'll offer fair enough, I think
Five Shillings, for your Man to drink —
Five Shillings! paultry Satisfaction!
I'll hear no more; but bring my Action:
I'll send this Moment, Sir, and get,
From *London*, an Exchequer-Writ:
Actions of this Kind ought to be
Punish'd with strict Severity;
For he that kills, or maims a Beast,
Is a bloody minded Man, at least:
This time indeed he hurt poor *Ranger*,
Next, I myself shall be in Danger;

For

For he that hacks one Animal,
 'Tis plain, from Sequence logical,
 Is much inclin'd to mangle all.

Sometime they sat, and neither spoke,
 'Till thus the Doctor Silence broke ;
 — Come, Sir, let all this Wrangling cease ;
 Be Friends, and thrown down Half a Piece —
 — You know what I propos'd before ;
 I'll do't ; but not one Farthing more.
 This Talking only Time does waste —
 — Hark'ye —
 When my Man comes, I'll send him down ;
 Before you don't forget the Crown.



*Some Students having taken up a
 Corpse out of a Grave at Cambridge ; Mr.
 P——n, a new made Justice, harrangu'd the
 Mob, which was versify'd by a Student there
 as follows ; and spoke at the same Time with
 the foregoing.*

SINCE by his Majesty's Permission,
 I hold a Place in the Commission ;
 And by a worthy Member's Bounty,
 I'm Sub-Lieutenant of the County ;
 Therefore I hold, so vile the Fact is,
 To stop this most inhuman Practice :

If

If robbing thus the Dead endure,
No Man alive can be secure :
If to kill living Men be Murder,
To cut up dead Men's something further ;
T' assault a Man beside his Senses,
We all allow, a great Offence is :
What then's the Offence, to hack and maul
A Man that has no Sense at all.
We all allow that Phyfic Knaves
Oft send good People to their Graves ;
But you'd esteem it strange, no Doubt,
These self-same Men shou'd fetch them out !
As tho' the Faculty had swore
T' undo what they had done before.
I therefore, Neighbours, who am here
Plac'd in Condition popular,
Shall punish this posthumous Murther,
Upon our dear departed Brother ;
Assert my Office too, that by it
The Dead may enjoy their Graves in quiet.
Let's in, and none shall dare to stop us,
Unless they shew their *Habeas Corpus*.
Take up your Posts then all and some,
And beat up my Militia Drum,
To make it known to all the Nation,
When Justice angry is——she's in a Passion.



Some Memoirs of F——i.

THE Favours that have been heap'd on this *Italian Stroler*, are sufficiently declared by our *British* Quality, in their keen Pursuit of *Italian* Operas, ever since his Arrival. In short, the gay Part of the World have been so prodigiously fond of him, that whenever he has had the Misfortune to be out of Tune, by a slight Cold, the *Beau Monde* have as surely been out of Temper, and vapour'd most intolerably: And the *British* Taste is so much degenerated from what it was, that cou'd we even recal *Otway*, he might starve; and *Dryden's* immortal Genius be neglected; while an *Italian* Singer, or *French* Dancer, is sure to be caress'd, and loaded with Riches; which is an Infamy to the *English* Nation, not to be wip'd off by the greatest Length of Time, and a Crime against every Thing polite, not to be expiated by the severest Repentance!

A small Time before F——i left *England*, a certain Bookseller, of very good Repute, publish'd the following Lines (call'd F——i's Labour) in a Miscellany, viz.

The Story which I shall rehearse
In *Hudibraslic*, Doggrel Verse,
Relates to one, as I may tell y',
Eclyped Signor F——i:

A Paradox ! a Thing uncommon !
And sung of neither Man, nor Woman !

Conny *, a Lass of black Renown,
Well noted throughout all the Town ;
Soon singled out ; with Heart of Joy,
This womanish, this o'er-grown Boy.
Not having Pow'r to shun her Charms,
She quickly had him in her Arms :
They liv'd like Man and Wife together,
Unsettled as in *April* Weather —

* * * * *

E'er twice three Days were past and gone,
His woeful Case he did bemoan ;
Too late he found what was the Matter,
And wish'd he never had been at her :
But since, alas ! as he had don't,
To put the better Gloss upon't,
A sudden Thought came in his Head,
And he resolv'd to keep his Bed.
How-do-ye's were like Small-Shot sent,
This Lady pin'd with Discontent ;
Another, who gave Way to Grief,
Her Jewels pawn'd for his Relief.
A Dutchess, wrapt in deep Dispair,
Ask'd a brave, honest, *English* Peer,

T

If

* Mrs. C — P — ps.

If there were Hopes of *Faranelli*?
 The Peer reply'd, If I must tell y',
 His Case is bad — 'tis his Mishap,
 To be in Labour — with a C — p.

These Lines gave so much Offence to several Persons of Quality, that two Noblemen, and a certain Colonel in the Guards took upon them to resent this Affront for all his Admirers; and soon after sent for the said Bookseller to a Lawyer's Chamber in the *Temple*. On his entering the Room, he was ask'd, How he dare use Signor *F* — i in the impudent Manner he had done? And immediately after they began to cane him. The Bookseller requiring to know by what Authority they treated him in so barbarous a Manner; was answer'd, He deserv'd ten times more, for that *F* — i himself had made Complaint against him in the publick Green Room; after which, they bid him read that Letter (which they threw towards him) and he would find he had not half what he deserv'd; which Letter was as follows, *viz.*

My good Lord,

I Hope your Lordship will not take Affront at my refusing to perform again, 'till I have had ample Satisfaction made me for the Affront offer'd by the Publication of the Book I sent your Lordship Yesterday. I assure your Lordship, I have far better Offers Abroad, where I am well assur'd of meeting with more Encouragement, and less Affronts.

However, these Admirers of *F* — i came into better Temper, and purchas'd the whole Impression
 of

of Books ; by which Means they thought to have secur'd their favourite Warbler ; but we now find, notwithstanding all their Endeavours, they are disappointed ; by which Means Tradesmen may be better paid, and our own Performers meet with some Part of the Encouragement which us'd to be thrown away on *Italian* Strolers.

But to shew more plainly what a Height of Folly many of our *English* Nobility are arriv'd at, I beg Leave to insert the following Letters ; and assure the Reader they are copy'd *verbatim* from the Originals.

To Signor F——i.

No Date.

I Cou'd not possibly attend the Opera on the Night of your Benefit, but send a Fifty, Pound Note by the Bearer ; nothing but the Indisposition of my Lord should have prevented me. I have recommended you to the Countess of ——, who, I doubt not, will take your Merit into Consideration.

—————.

Windsor, ——— *, 13.

THIS with the greatest Pleasure I hear of your good Benefit. The Captain has ordered a small Bill for you, which, considering he has but little besides his Commission, I hope you will take kindly. The three Sisters have likewise ordered Twenty Pounds each ; and, for myself, ever ready to encourage your excellent Performances,

T 2

ccs,

* The Month torn by the Seal.

ces, chearfully make it up the Hundred, which I have ordered to be paid by Mr. —, in *Pall-Mall*.

New-Bond-Street, Dec. 9.

To Signor F—i.

AS your Illness has given me the greatest Pain, so it will be of the utmost Satisfaction to me to hear you are on the mending Hand — If the Duke should pay you a Visit, keep the emboss'd Watch, with your Picture in it, aside, because his Grace knows nothing of the Present I have bestow'd on the most deserving F—i.

Dated from Kensington.

To Signor F—i.

I Have been with my Lord —, and made Complaint against the Book published last Week; who has promised to resent the Affront. In all Probability you will see his Lordship Tomorrow; and I hope you will not fail to aggravate the Affair as much as possible; by which Means you may stop the Pens of such malignant Writers for the future,

C— P—

P. S. I'm just now inform'd of the Arrival of D—fi—ld, on which Account I must entreat to pay your Visits at Mrs. —, in —.

Hay-Market, Jan. 2.

To Mrs. C—— P——.

I Have already wrote to my Lord and the Colonel; who assure me I shall have ample Satisfaction for the Affront received by the Publication of the Book you speak of — This Evening I'm obliged to be with the Lady ——, otherwise I may run the Hazard of being thrown out of her Favour, which, you know, would be greatly to our Disadvantage. To-morrow, at Four in the Afternoon, I shall not fail of being with you at Mrs. —— in ——.

F——i.

I could insert divers other Letters from Persons of Distinction to this *Italian* Renagado, wherein some declare themselves ravish'd with his Singing; others with his Person; but all so prodigiously fond of heaping Favours on him, that they seem striving to out-vie one another in their Folly; while the *English* Stage is shamefully neglected, the noble Race of antient Writers not in the least regarded, and the modern Poets almost starving!

Some Years ago, a Lady would have made herself the Town-talk, who presum'd (in the Presence of her Lord) to take her Watch from her Side, to give an *Italian* Singer; and that such Things have been lately transacted, I am no Stranger to: And this very same Lady (who indeed owns herself a great Admirer of Singing) has often declar'd, she pays F——i a Hundred Guineas with more Pleasure, than she ever did One to her *English* Bungler.

I have

I have had the Opportunity of seeing a Letter, directed, by F——i, to the —— of ——; where- in he takes Notice, after several very amorous and fond Expressions, that it is with the greatest Reluctance he leaves *England*, without first having Access to her; nay, he adds, that he had once Hopes of attending her to ——: And, in the same Letter, mentioning the Generosity of the *British* Ladies, declares he had, at least, received One Hundred Thousand Pounds since his first Arrival in *England*; while our own Actors can scarce get a Living for their Families; nor our Poets the common Necessaries of Life!

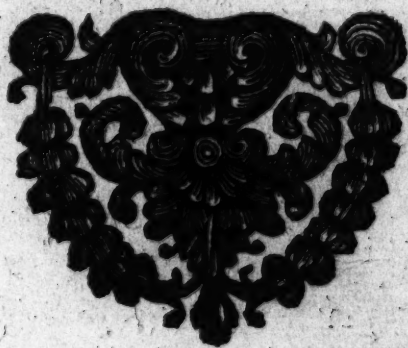
It is far from me, all this while, to be against *Italian* Operas in general; no; I only endeavour to open the Eyes of those who have so eagerly been heaping Favours on the one, and starving the other, and shall conclude with the following Lines from the Epilogue to *Pasquin*.

*Banish all Childish Entertainments hence;
 Let all that boast your Favour have Pretence,
 If not to sparkling Wit, at least, to Sense.
 With soft Italian Notes indulge your Ear,
 But let those Singers, who are bought so dear,
 Learn to be civil for their Cheer, at least;
 Nor use like Beggars, those who give the Feast.
 And tho' while Music for herself may carve,
 Poor Poetry, her Sister-Art, must starve;
 Starve her, at least, with Shew of Approbation,
 Nor slight her, while you search the whole Creation,
 For all the Tumbling-Scum of every Nation!*

*Can the whole World in Science match our Soil?
Have they a Locke, a Newton, or a Boyle?
Or, dare the greatest Genius of their Stage,
With Shakespear, or immortal Ben engage?*

*Content with Nature's Bounty, do not crave
The little which to other Lands she gave;
Nor, like the Cock, a Barley Corn prefer
To all the Jewels which you owe to her.*

F I N I S.



STANLEY J. J. J. J.



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